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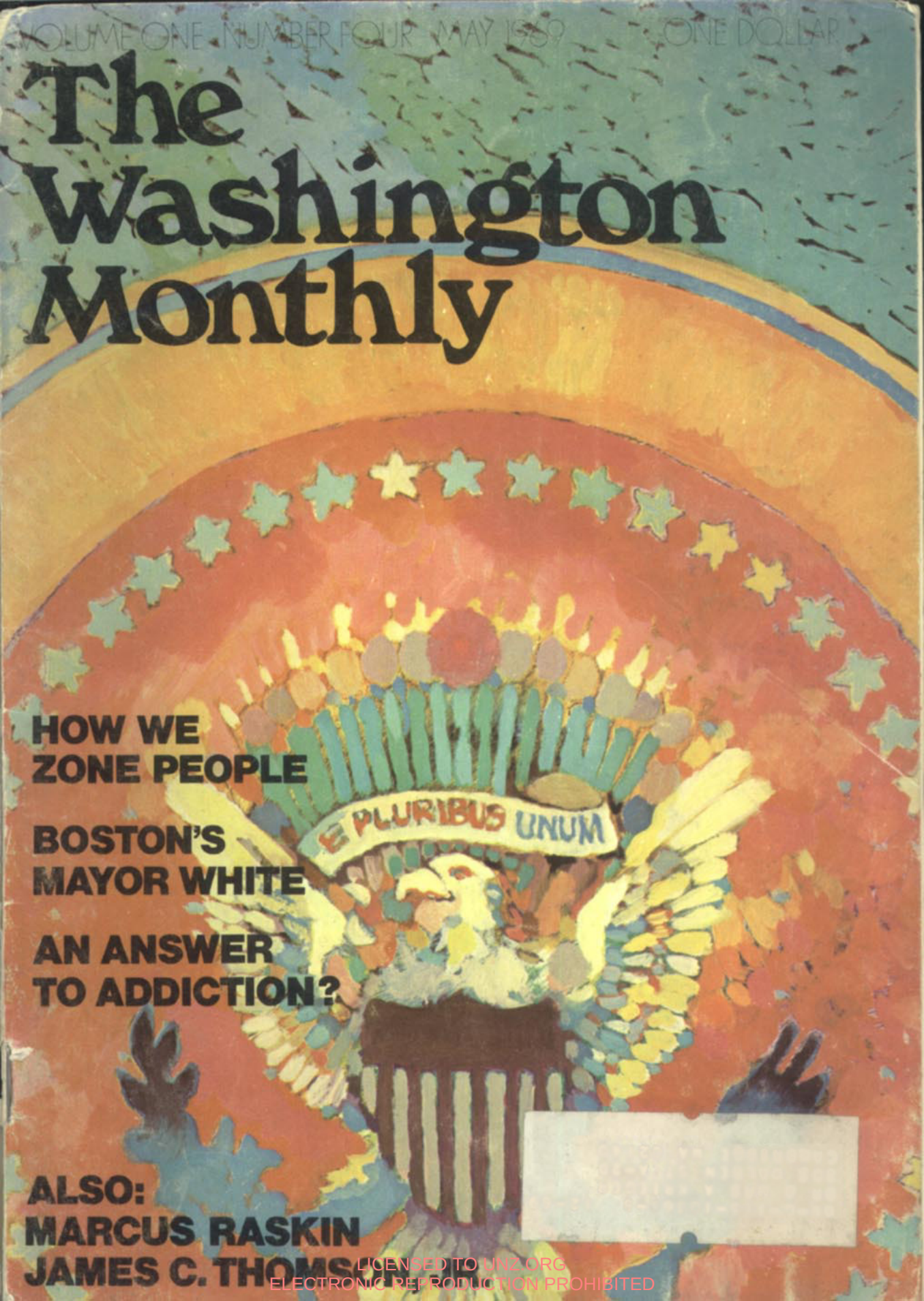

HOW WE ZONE PEOPLE

BOSTON'S MAYOR WHITE

AN ANSWER TO ADDICTION?

ALSO:
MARCUS RASKIN
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Diplomaism:
HOW WE ZONE PEOPLE

by David Hapgood

When Americans journey to the undeveloping nations, they are likely to make sardonic observations about how those countries award their positions of privilege. They dole out their few plums to those holding school credentials, whether or not they have proven their merit. Power and income in those countries—India is the standard example—go to what we call, with varying degrees of disapproval, a "diploma elite." Damn Indians do nothing except brag about having gone to Oxford! Not, we harrumph, like the good old U.S.A., where a man is judged by what he can do.

What good old U.S.A. is that? Certainly not the America of 1969. We are well on our way to repealing the American dream of individual accomplishment and replacing it with a system in which the diploma is the measure of a man; a diploma which usually bears no relation to performance. The career market is closing its doors to those without degrees. This diplomaism (some call it "credentialism") is a method of selecting human beings that expresses the neat, monotonous values you find in a suburban zoning code. That zoning code is designed to eliminate variety and surprise: to ensure that, in any neighborhood, all the boxes will look the same. Similarly, diplomaism

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zones people into a set of categories that tend to eliminate the variety and surprise of the human experience.

In a system run by diploma, all avenues to personal advancement are blocked except one: the school that gives the diploma. Our life chances depend increasingly on a decision we made in first grade and did, or did not, sustain through the following 12 to 20 years: the decision to conform to the requirements of the institution. When we leave the institution, like carcasses coming off a packing plant's assembly line, an anonymous hand affixes an indelible stamp ("dropout," "high school," "college," "advanced degree") which thereafter determines what we can do and how we shall be rewarded. And that stamp, unlike the imprint on a side of beef, reflects neither our personal value to the society nor the needs of the economic system.

Evidence of the trend is plentiful. Industry increasingly requires diplomas as a prerequisite for the first rung of the ladder. In the professions, diploma requirements get tighter and tighter, creating artificial shortages in areas of great social need. Diplomaism has made the school our fastest-growing industry and one of the most diploma-ridden as well. The often absurd degree requirements imposed on those working in education make the school its own best customer. No reversal of the trend seems likely today, for diplomaism, like an arms race, has a built-in tendency toward escalation.

The effect is to zone out the person who wants to make his own way to a productive place in society. "Schools today are not a humanizing or an educational force as much as a credentialing agency, sorting people out who do not fit into the regular channels of educational development," writes S. M. Miller of New York University. It is quite possible to learn to perform many jobs without going through those "regular channels," but the diploma system forbids us that option. The degreeless creative oddball who can perform better than his competitors is not allowed to compete. The "self-made man" is an American hero; yet we punish in practice what we praise in myth.

The irony is that diplomaism is impoverishing American life just when our potential is greatest. The nation is now approaching a level of prosperity which, if equitably distributed, would allow us, perhaps for the first time in human history, to devote more effort to living than to surviving. We can afford, as a poor nation cannot, a wide variety of life styles, each productive in its own way. We could be as rich in choices about our way of approaching a career as we are already in choices about our brand of soap. But the diploma system, for no useful social purpose, reduces this variety of choices to a binary option: get on the single career track or be excluded.

That's not the way it used to be. At the turn of the century, when only six per cent of us went through high school, diplomaism was rare. Careers in industry were not limited by degrees, and even in the professions a person was able to enter and advance without formal schooling. Ragged Dick and the other Horatio Alger heroes represent the many Americans who did in fact rise as far as their talent and motivation could take them without benefit of diploma. It is true, of course, that the American Dream was open to only a minority: the male WASPs. Women and minorities were excluded. Yet the world we are moving towards will exclude everyone who refuses to submit to the tyranny of the diploma. By the 1960's, few of the once-many fields were open to the non-graduate. "There are very few uncredentialed industries left," Arthur Pearl of the University of Oregon commented recently, and he listed three holdouts that are still fair game for the

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degreeless: "politics, the movie industry, and professional writing." I would add organized crime, although it is distressing to reflect that the Mafia is the most up-by-the-bootstraps institution in America today.

Were de Tocqueville to return for another examination of Democracy in America, he would no longer find that "among the Americans, all honest callings are considered honorable." He would find that democracy in America was threatened, not by the industrial elite that he feared, nor by the aristocracy of birth feared by Americans in his day, but by an aristocracy of the diploma. The Pentagon may be the greatest immediate threat to our security as well as our income, but what we like to think of as American values are also threatened by what Paul Goodman calls the "school-monks," who are sorting us by diploma.

In the series of articles of which this is the first, we will explore the trend to diplomaism in America. In this article we are primarily concerned with the purposes that diplomaism does and does not serve in American society. In the later articles, we will take up other aspects of the trend. We will describe a particularly horrible example of the social effects of diplomaism: the health business. In that business, the medical profession has used the weapon of credentials to create an artificial shortage of doctors; doctors have made themselves our highest paid profession; and the American people are getting poorer medical care than they did a generation ago. With its rigid stratification by diploma, lack of internal promotion, wide income ranges, and frequent indifference to the public good, the health business has developed a social structure that might well have been considered retrograde by Louis XIV.

With a myth of such power available, we do not need a conspiracy to explain diplomaism. Plot theorists, who, like other primitive peoples, have to explain anything they dislike as being the result of evil intent, may conjure up a picture of school superintendents and eraser manufacturers lurking like retired Air Force generals in the lobbies of government. But there is no evidence—except in the professions—that the growth of diplomaism can be blamed on education lobbyists. This leaves us with that most unsatisfying of situations: a crime without a villain. There is no man here that we can love to hate, no counterpart to L. Mendel Rivers and Herman Kahn. Since those people do not exist, it may be necessary for the critics of diplomaism to invent them.

Even in the professions, the road to today's medical and bar associations is paved with yesterday's good intentions. The idea of licensing doctors and lawyers was to protect the public by imposing some sort of standards, and it may well be that there are fewer butchers and shysters around now than before licensing (although the ones we have now are a lot more expensive). But the greed of those in the professions soon transformed licensing, with its diploma requirements, into a way of restricting the numbers in the profession. The trend is for each profession to try to increase the years of school required before you can hang a shingle. Stiff examination instead of a diploma requirement would not serve the purpose. A few wise guys would always pass the examination without going to school.

We will also be concerned with the role government plays in the diploma trend. Government has considerable influence over the job market, both as employer and as regulator. The federal government, which employs about three million people, appears to be one of the less diploma-ridden institutions. But local and state government controls most of the jobs in the school industry, and here government

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has been a powerful force for diplomaism. Government also has regulatory powers. State governments license the professions; they have largely gone along with restrictive diploma practices initiated by professional associations. In Washington, the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission is charged with preventing discrimination, but the Civil Rights Act under which it was created does not consider diploma requirements, even when clearly irrelevant to the job, to be a form of discrimination.

Finally, our series will report on what the few critics of diplomaism have to say and what proposals for change are being circulated.

Diplomaism has been accepted by Americans with little opposition and almost no comment. If they think about it at all, most people doubtless deduce that diplomaism exists because it works: that the diploma is an effective way of sorting people out by ability. A college graduate can do the job better than a non-graduate, we tend to assume, and a high school graduate better than his dropout peer. Isn't that why they were sent to school in the first place?

But the evidence indicates that what seems obvious is not in fact true. The scattered information now available shows that the diploma is not a yardstick that measures job performance. Ivar Berg of Columbia University has been collecting information on jobs that are being done by both graduates and non-graduates. (His findings will be published later this year in a book called *Educational Credentials for Jobs in a Democratic Society.*)

Most places Berg looked he did not find any connection between de-

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grees and performance. In some cases he found the opposite: those with more education performed less well. This was the case in a comparison among women working in Mississippi plants making trousers: the women were on piecework, so it was easy to compare their production, and those with the most school produced the fewest pants. It would be easy to guess that the better-educated women were just bored, had Berg not found the same result with air-traffic controllers—one of the most demanding and responsible jobs in this or any country. The Federal Aviation Agency gives awards for outstanding performance to its air-traffic men. The controllers include both high school and college graduates. The college men have received proportionately fewer awards. A confirmed believer in the diploma might well reflect, the next time he is stacked up in the crowded air over a metropolitan airport, that his chances of getting down alive may well be slightly better if the man guiding his plane down does not have a college degree.

But Berg also discovered employers who believe in the diploma even when the evidence in their own plants was to the contrary. In one chemical plant, executives told Berg that their best laboratory technicians were those with the most education, but Berg found the opposite was true: the best performance (by supervisors' ratings) was turned in by the less-educated technicians. Berg reports that the employer was "shocked" by this news.

But probably not shocked enough to change his hiring standards. The belief in the diploma has the quality of myth, and myth is always more persuasive than fact. Diplomaism is a perverted by-product of our belief in learning. Ideas, like rumors, get distorted out of recognition if they are repeated often enough. In the minds of most, learning equals school, and so a person with a diploma is more desirable than one without. Of course this reasoning does not include the possibility that the learning was irrelevant to the job in question, nor does it allow for the possibility that someone might achieve the same amount of learning outside the school walls.

Diplomaism is inevitable, we are sometimes told, because in the post-industrial age America needs a "more educated work force"—more computer programmers, fewer hod carriers. This is another semantic fallacy. Because of the accelerating rate of technological change, what America needs is a more skilled work force or, more accurately, a work force capable of learning new skills.

Whether these skills are acquired through school or some other way does not matter to the needs of the economy; and, as we have seen, the evidence is that school does not perform this service efficiently. Many people, especially intellectuals, seem to have trouble grasping the difference between "skill" and "school." When the difference is pointed out, they are likely to respond with a defense of schooling for its cultural value. Whatever the merit of that claim, it has nothing to do with diploma requirements for employment.

We are told that graduates earn more, which must mean that they produce more. But such statistics only prove that the better-paid jobs are reserved for graduates, and this much we already know. It is interesting, also, that job performance in college (grades) does not predict job performance in the real world. A 1965 study by Donald Hoyt showed that there is no correlation in any profession between grades and later achievement. Similarly, those who had three years of college earn only a little bit more than high school graduates and a lot less than college graduates; whereas, if learning determined

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earnings, their incomes should obviously be closer to the men who had just one more year than to those who had three years less.

In government as in the professions, diplomaism is the poisonous by-product of good intentions. The purpose of civil service was to get government jobs out of the hands of the political machines. But if hiring was no longer to be based on loyalty to the party, there had to be another way of sorting out great numbers of applicants, and it had to be "objective," for any method based on someone else's judgment of the applicant would—the reformers rightly feared—result once more in political hiring.

Civil-service tests and diploma requirements do help to sort out the applicants. But this system suffers from the same weakness as the system it replaced: paper credentials are no more a guarantee of performance than political affiliation used to be. What we got from political reform was bureaucracy—semi-independent organizations staffed by people whose main loyalty is to the organization itself. The reformers ended the rule of the political machine; in its place they gave us what Hannah Arendt calls "rule by nobody."

Sheer size is undoubtedly a factor leading to diplomaism. The size of the average place of employment is growing. As it grows, industry's personnel methods become bureaucratized. Like the civil service, the personnel department must process hordes of applicants, and so it needs standardized routines. Except in the older movies, the man doing the hiring is no longer the boss of the small enterprise, the keen judge of men who sees a million dollars in the lean and hungry youth standing before his desk. Instead, he is an assistant personnel man who has to hire 10 out of 200 pieces of paper, all of which look pretty much the same. He is not looking for a genius who will do great things for the company; what the personnel man wants is a way to choose those 10 without getting himself into trouble. The brownie points to be earned by plucking out a genius impress him less than the backfire that is inevitable if his unorthodox choice fails. So he protects himself by picking the graduate. He has successfully avoided using his head.

Diploma requirements, then, are a way of sorting people without expending scarce time or precious brain power. But, like an arms race, this process is ultimately self-defeating. If more diplomas are required, more people get diplomas in order to get the jobs. When enough people have diplomas, the diploma no longer serves to sort out the applicants. The personnel man is threatened with using judgment. Terrified, he escalates; but in a generation the applicants catch up with the new requirements. That is why there is a long-run trend to demand higher and higher degrees for the same work. Today's salesgirl needs a high-school degree where her mother needed none; *her* daughter may have to produce a B.A. to get behind the counter.

Diplomas give status to employer and employee alike. Take, for example, the industrial manager talking about his work force. "All our janitors are college graduates" is a proud though idiotic statement compared to "Half our engineers never finished school." The first indicates that the firm is an extraordinarily desirable place to work; the second suggests that the only place it can find employees is on the reject pile. Similarly, the superintendent of schools who tells the public that "our teachers hold an average of 17.5 graduate credits, up 1.8 credits from last year," can draw from that statistic a measure of smugness, if not significance.

Employees also get nice status feelings from a diploma. People with

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degrees form a huge, if unorganized, credentialist complex. We all try to pretend that what we do is harder than it really is. As that famous non-graduate, Eric Hoffer, has pointed out, specialists from ancient scribes to modern intellectuals use jargon to conceal from the public the easiness of the work they do. The pettiest bureaucrat uses the most arcane language to describe his non-functions. No one, therefore, welcomes a man at the next desk who lacks his own credentials. His presence lowers the status of the job, and it may also lower the income if word gets around that you can do this job without putting in those years in school. This is a violation of the zoning code that sends property values plummeting. The desire to exclude exists in all of us; the American Medical Association is just better at it than other people.

The diploma also serves as a cultural sieve. Though Berg's findings indicate that it does not tell much about the person's ability to produce, the diploma does give the personnel department another kind of information about the applicant. He was docile enough (or good, or patient, or stupid—choose your adjective) to stay out of trouble for 13 or 17 or 20 years in a series of institutions that demand a considerable amount of unthinking conformity. Probably, then, he won't make trouble in the institution that hires him. He has learned to present a bland face to authority, also desirable. By sticking it out during those years—his not to reason why—he showed that he accepted society's judgment that school is a good thing; he is likely to go on accepting society's judgments on goodness. He was a good boy in school; he'll be a good corporate or bureaucratic or academic boy.

The converse is true of the non-graduate. If he refuses to conform to the values of one institution, he is likely to be a dissenter within the corporation or bureaucracy. Given an ample supply of graduates, the choice that will be made by Personnel—hardly a nest of dissenters—is obvious. By choosing the graduate, the personnel man gets a trouble-free standardized part and, equally important, he pledges his and his employer's allegiance to the prevailing cultural values.

The one-track world of the diploma expresses values that are as much part of our heritage as the American Dream of freewheeling personal achievement. It is a world of unitary order in which human sloppiness is forced into a table of organization and a white picket fence neatly marks off the good from the bad. Since there is only one way forward, we are freed—like the personnel man who hires us—from the burden of choice. "*E pluribus unum*," translated by small minds, comes out as: "Out of many life styles, we make one."

This is the world caricatured by the Suburban Dream of neatly zoned homogeneity. Malvina Reynolds's song, "Little Boxes," is about the building blocks of the Suburban Dream. In its lyrics she captures the importance of the diploma in assuring the uniformity of those boxes and their inhabitants:

And the people in the houses
All went to the university,
Where they were put in boxes
And they came out all the same.

And they all have pretty children
And the children go to school,
And the children go to summer camp
And then to the university,
Where they are put in boxes
*And they come out all the same.** ■

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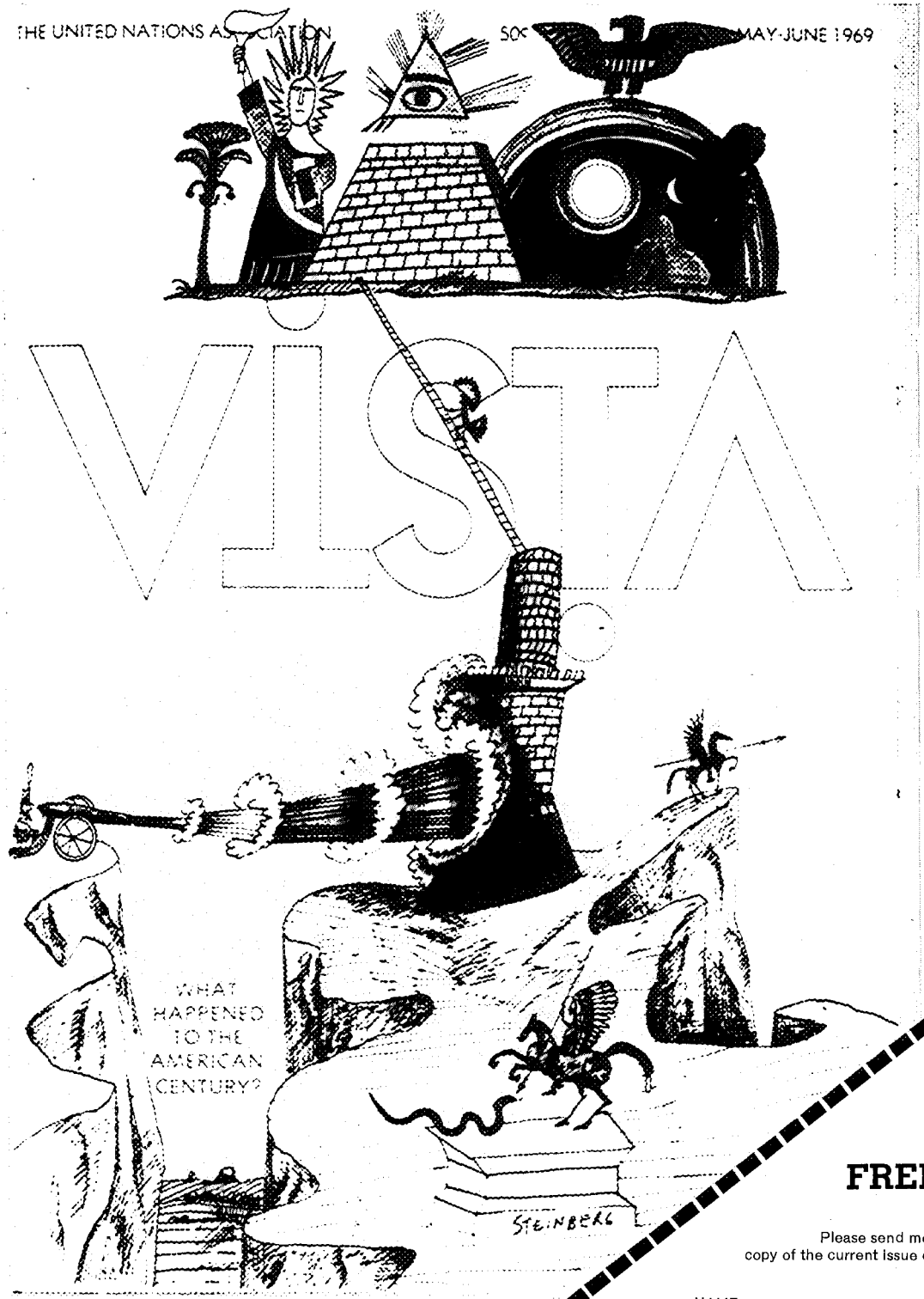

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The Hard Core in The Private Sector

by Nick Thimmesch

Like the "proles" in George Orwell's *1984*, America's unorganized and mute legions of "hard-core unemployed" refuse to be packaged and placed. Since their discovery several years ago as one of our industrial democracy's principal shames, the hard-core have defied the wizards at the U.S. Department of Labor as well as the politicians and labor leaders who pleaded on their behalf but never came up with workable solutions to their disadvantaged state.

Finally the capitalists, through the organization of the National Alliance of Businessmen in 1968, decided to go after the problem. President Lyndon B. Johnson wrapped a big arm around Henry Ford II and persuaded him to head N.A.B. and put it into action. Today, after one year of trafficking with the hard-core, the N.A.B., in characteristic booster fashion, claims that it has already exceeded its goal of placing 100,000 on the job by June 30, 1969. Fine. But now, as N.A.B. marches into its

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second year, with the baton passed to President Nixon's old friend, Donald Kendall of Pepsi-Cola, the businessmen and their partners at Labor have come to realize that:

• No one knows how many hard-core there are in the U.S. Estimates run from one million on up. While the N.A.B. raised its goal of placements to 614,000 by 1971, it isn't clear whether many of those hired wouldn't have come into jobs on their own.

• There is no formula for training and dealing with the hard-core. Some argue for pre-job training, others for put-them-right-to-work; some favor special attention for the recruit, others belong to the leave-him-alone school. There are arguments for mandatory compensatory education and for let-them-ask-for-it; for using federal money and for good old private enterprise initiative.

• The hard-core person usually becomes a reliable

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worker sooner than employers expected. A majority of them showed, in the first year, that they would stay on the job. But absenteeism runs high. People accustomed to drifting can't be expected to change that much.

• There is more good than bad in the program. But will the well-intentioned businessman's current urges for social responsibility and uplift survive a slowdown in the economy and a plentiful supply of labor?

• Many manpower experts across the country are beginning to question the solidity of N.A.B. success statistics.

Smoky Ignition

It is nearly two years since Chairman of the Board James M. Roche of General Motors looked out over Detroit's West Grand Boulevard and watched smoke and fire rise from the neighborhoods below. That summer's violence gave rise to urgent chatter about the role of the "private sector" in meeting the urban challenge. Many companies flailed about trying to hire blacks. But their own institutionalized personnel departments, accustomed to screening people out rather than in, weren't much help. Nor was the plethora of acronymic programs of the Department of Labor. "After being in the hard-core business for five years," said William J. Harris, assistant to the Manpower Administrator at Labor, "we realized we weren't reaching them. Getting them into jobs was one of our poorest experiences."

President Johnson dispatched White House assistant James Gaither to Detroit to ask Ford to muster businessmen in 50 cities to hire, train, and retain—the words later became N.A.B.'s motto—hard-core unemployed who would be referred by anti-poverty and other social agencies. Ford, a political supporter and sometime social companion of Mr. Johnson, agreed to head the new alliance, provided that: there would be an independent policy board; he could pick his own man to run the operation; and the organization would be relatively free of the Labor Department guidelines and definitions which most businessmen consider hogwash. Mr. Johnson looked over the conditions and approved them. The deal was set.

Its official baptism as the National Alliance of Businessmen came in the President's Manpower Message to Congress in January of 1968, as did its acronymic governmental partner, JOBS (for "Job Opportunities in the Business Sector"). Henry II became chairman and J. Paul Austin, president of Coca-

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Cola, vice-chairman. Ford reached into his own vice-presidential hierarchy for a persuasive and beguiling man named Leo C. Beebe to serve in N.A.B.'s top operating job as executive vice-chairman. Henry II got on the phone and recruited board members from the nation's executive cream to head N.A.B.'s operations in eight regions. A phone call from Henry has a way of triggering a hundred other this-is-damned-important calls; before long, 12,500 firms had pledged themselves to find jobs for the hard-core. Henry II staffed N.A.B.'s headquarters with Ford men, and the regional chairmen assigned top men from their own companies to run the regional offices.

Somewhere out there lay the "hard-core," whoever and whatever they were. And just as sales executives must meet quotas, so did the N.A.B. officers feel competitive urges to meet their quotas of hard-core hirees, though the quotas were never made public. But the businessmen pretty much ignored the Labor Department's definition of what a "hard core" was—"a poor person who does not have suitable employment" and who is any of the following: (1) a school dropout, (2) minority member, (3) under 22 years of age, (4) over 45, or (5) handicapped. A chart relating family size to income (farm and non-farm) was issued. The firms participating in N.A.B., particularly those which wouldn't sign contracts for Department of Labor training money (MA-3, MA-4), soon learned there were too many ifs, ands, and buts to consider when confronted with real people.

However, some of the essentially cultural barriers that had baffled or excluded hard-core applicants in the past—personnel departments, application forms, checks on police records—pretty much went by the boards. "We learned that maybe what is good for the so-called hard core is also good for all our employees," said George Jacoby, GM's director of personnel relations. "Attitudinal training and concentrating on supervisors became more important than a man's background."

Many executives who got into the hard-core game became fascinated. As their acquaintance with it grew, a lore developed: these fellows never looked for work because they couldn't read bus signs and were terrified of personnel departments; they're turning out much better than we expected, and if they'll take some of the free basic education we're offering, we'll have some damned good workers; yes, they're absent a lot, but that's because they're not *used* to working. Some executives even began speaking their own version of With-It. Lewis Moore, president of American Oil Company, fancied himself so hip to

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the problem of urban blacks, that he justified his firm's involvement with: "We're the cats with the bread."

A profile of the people hired and kept on the job showed that: 73 per cent are Negro, 17 per cent white, eight per cent of Latin origin, and two per cent "other." Seventeen per cent were under 20, 70 per cent between 20 and 40, and 13 per cent over 40—an average age of 29. The average family size was four. The average education was 10th grade. Unemployment in the preceding year averaged 25.4 weeks; family income, $2,773.

Faces

As more and more were hired, businessmen became reacquainted with the pluralism of American society and the mysteries of human nature. Ex-convicts, including two-time losers; college graduates who never found themselves; drifters named "Dynamite" and "Ding Dong"; unmarried mothers looking for birth-control pills; A.D.C. fathers (they do exist); and men who were called "misfits" until they reached their forties and wanted one more chance—all were recruited, hired, and trained. Most of them stayed on.

Leonard Klishis, 26, is the personnel director of the grimy Cat's Paw heel and sole factory in Baltimore. "You name it and we've had it," he says of the hard-core program at Cat's Paw. "We took in 49 and have 13 left. Some went to jail. Some had disabilities. Some disappeared. We provided a job coach, finances to get started, legal services—the whole bag. We hired a basic education outfit, but trouble developed. There was violence, and one guy got thrown down the stairs. I've seen some strange things. One of our old guys yelled at one of the hard-core trainees and the kid started crying."

At Cat's Paw, a group of 20 hard-core recruits are paid $11.35 each per day while learning the fine points of heel and sole manufacture in highly dusty circumstances. When they complete the 20 weeks of training, the trainees become regular workers, receiving $1.88 per hour, plus bonuses for piecework. Most of the newcomers make under $100 a week.

"That's a lot more than I made as a jumper off a newspaper truck," testified William H. Smith, 23, who has done a little of everything since he quit eighth grade. He came to Cat's Paw from the Job Corps, where he learned some math, reading, and spelling. He showed enough promise to be promoted to mill

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operator at $1.91 per hour. He is one in a family of nine children and now helps support his mother and the three children still at home.

William Johnson, 21, referred to Cat's Paw by the Concentrated Employment program in Baltimore, had been unemployed and living at home with his wife, his six-week-old daughter, and his 75-year-old grandmother. "I quit school in the 10th grade and mainly ran the streets after that," Johnson said. "I got in vandalism trouble. Then I was stockboy in a store. I like this job better. It benefits you. I don't know where I can go from here." Johnson grosses $90 a week. He hopes to be promoted to a more complicated pressing machine, where he would get $102.14 a week. His immediate ambition is to buy a car and a better television. When asked if he had ever heard of the term "hard-core unemployed," he said no, then added: "It's better to work than not to work."

Roy Lebon, 20, is one of the few whites in the program at Cat's Paw. He has slicked-back blond hair, is very thin, has a large welt on his left cheek, and seems greatly attached to the Negro supervisor who coaches him. Lebon's father was in a mental hospital for seven years. His mother, four brothers, and one sister lived for years on welfare. He was 18 when he reached 10th grade, so he quit school. He now remarks about education: "I don't want any part of it, I hate it." He makes $90 a week before deductions.

Business is Business

"Pure altruism you won't find in business," said Erich Oppenheimer, 47, vice-president of manufacturing at Cat's Paw. "I got us into this program because we wanted to hire people and felt an obligation to upgrade their skills. We needed *them* and they needed *us*. It's going to take 15 to 20 years to reach all the hard-core. Those who think it can be done in one more year are dreaming."

In another part of Baltimore, in a neighborhood where rioting occurred last year, sits a nondescript building with a small sign reading "Baltimore Electronic Associates, Inc." Inside, its black president, Robert L. Douglass, 40, tells how his firm, an expanding business which sub-contracts from Ford and Bendix, got involved with the hard-core.

After last year's riots, he decided to recruit hard-core blacks into his own firm. He has trained 63 such workers

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under the Labor Department's $14.40 a day MA-3 program. He isn't bashful about the federal help because "we need it." Nor is he bashful about saying he is black-oriented. He believes that he moves his black recruits along faster and better than any white could.

Blackness obviously means plenty to the black hard-core unemployed. In South Central Los Angeles, a strapping black man, Fred Brown, 41, once a heavyweight boxing champion of his Navy unit, is the friendly, firm advisor to some rough-and-ready hard-core blacks learning the art of reconditioning cars for the lively West Coast used car market. Brown, who was a Los Angeles County Corrections officer for seven years, says: "For every guy I can keep off welfare and out of the joint—well, it's good for my ego. I had a 27-year-old who had been in the joint nine years and had no real trade. All he knew was how to put a gun in a man's back. He has a wife and a kid and he really wants to make it straight and not go back to the joint. He's going to make $150 to $200 a week detailing cars."

Cat's Paw, Robert Douglass, and big Fred Brown tell stories of relatively small operations where problems and results are quickly identified. Much of the statistical story of N.A.B's first year, however, was recorded in such large corporations as Detroit's Big Three.

The Big Three

Not for nothing is Detroit known as Motown; it is obsessed with automobiles. Competition in that industry, and with the United Auto Workers as well, is refreshingly fierce.

Soon after the 1967 summer riots, the Ford Motor Company broke precedent by going into the inner-city area to hire hard-core unemployed. Applicants crowded the two employment centers that the company established there. If the National Alliance of Businessmen had an identifiable genesis, it was in Ford's action then and in the events that followed.

Henry II ordered that written tests be suspended, that medical exams be given on the spot, and that prison records not necessarily be a bar to employment. Instead of being sent home to await word, applicants were hired at the centers. If they were broke, they received free bus tickets to get to the job and $5 a week for lunch money until their first paycheck. In its heavy-shouldered way, Ford moved fast. The company hired

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more than 5,600 employees at its inner-city offices and another 8,000 ghetto residents—hard-core and soft—at Ford's regular offices.

Lawrence J. Washington, 55, a New Orleans-born Negro, is the labor-relations staff man at Ford with primary responsibility for shepherding the hard-core into their jobs. "They know nothing of alphabets or agencies," he says of his charges. "They know there's jobs somewhere, but they feel they can't get at 'em, and they're afraid of tests. Once they're hired, we use the advisor system. Full-time father confessors. They stick with them through this and that. All except one is a Negro. I'm encouraged by what we've done here. It isn't all good, but it's mostly good. We have a lot of absenteeism. Our retention rate is 56 per cent."

Chrysler is Detroit's biggest employer and, after the riots hit the city, Chairman of the Board Lynn A. Townsend decided that hiring the hard-core was fine but that broad education and training for ghetto people should also be part of the picture. At the moment, Chrysler is training its new hard-core employees through four government programs, the most interesting of which is the "vestibule" program. "Vestibule" training is a sort of 12-week dry run: trainees take math and communications-skills courses, learn how to punch a time clock and use plant facilities, and go through simulated work conditions.

General Motors, although not the largest employer in Detroit, is still the largest corporation in the world. It does not countenance nonsense; it prides itself on systematic thinking and efficient organization. GM's approach to the hard-core is characteristically earnest and businesslike. It insists on hiring on its own premises and it still requires all applicants to fill out its standard 47-line application form ("If a man can't do it, we'll help him"). It stresses discipline, indoctrination, and "the rule of reason."

GM may also have the best long-range training program in the auto industry. With 26,621 already hired—more than double its quota—it clearly has the largest. Its retention rate for the hard-core is 60.6 per cent, highest among the Big Three and only 1.3 per cent below its overall retention rate. But critics point out that only 55 per cent of GM's hard-core recruits are black; at Ford and Chrysler, the figure hovers around 80.

The best proof that GM is thinking long-range on the hard-core is its elaborate "New Work Force" program, designed

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to change attitudes of the present and future generation of managers. GM decided to "focus on our organization" rather than the "prospective employee" because the "supervisor does, in some measure, determine whether a new employee is going to succeed on the job." Its new management classes will be thoroughly inculcated in the techniques of working with the hard-core New Work Force which GM now sees as inevitable.

The company has little interest in going hand in hand with the government on its hard-core programs. Louis G. Seaton, GM's vice-president in charge of personnel, makes it clear that GM wants to run its own show. If he is pushed to explain why his huge corporation won't sign contracts with the Department of Labor to provide pre-employment training (at a cost to the government of about $3,000 per trainee), Seaton finally smiles and says: "Cuz."

The hyper-active conscience of the auto industry is the United Autoworkers Union, whose expert on the hard-core is Jeff Washington, the assistant director of the union's Manpower, Development and Training Department. "These companies are well-intentioned, particularly Ford," he says. "Roche stood up there, saw the fires, and heard the shots. He heard more than that. Chrysler's with it too, now. But business can't do it alone. There should be a total program."

By that, Washington means reliance on Labor Department-funded programs and UAW proposals like "inverted seniority." The union itself has signed a $2,135,000 contract with Labor to provide on-the-job training for 2,000—including 500 hard-core—and has farmed out much of the work to several major corporations. The "inverted seniority" plan offered to the Ford Motor Company would allow senior employees to receive high supplemental unemployment benefits (95 per cent of their regular pay) during layoffs. This way, argues the union, the newer employees, including the hard-core, would be kept on the job. The auto companies shudder to think about it, but it will come up in the next round of contract talks.

Birthday Party

The N.A.B.'s big day of rhetoric and observance came on March 15, 1969, when it held its second annual conference

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in a Washington hotel. If the roof had caved in, the Republic might have been lost, for in the cavernous room were the President of the United States, most of his cabinet, Walter Reuther, and top executives from 500 of the nation's largest corporations. The N.A.B. has clout.

In the working session preceding the heavy-caloried luncheon, 13 speakers bathed the businessmen with rich praise, great challenge, dark warnings, and heartening numbers. Henry Ford II, introduced as the man "who helped us realize that the business of business should also be soul business," recited the record. The goal of placing 100,000 hard-core by July 1, 1969, he said, was well over the top—146,000 had been placed by March 1. Sixty per cent of those hired were still at work. And the free-enterprise approach had triumphed: two out of three placements did not involve government contracts. The one discouraging aspect of the N.A.B. was last summer's program to find jobs for 200,000 disadvantaged young people. It was a flop. N.A.B.'s incoming chairman, Donald Kendall of Pepsi-Cola, told the diners: "...although you and I are good guys, because of the role you have played in the Alliance, that doesn't mean that you were bad guys prior to the formation of the Alliance...." The outgoing executive vice-chairman, Leo Beebe, provided theology and a pep talk.

The N.A.B. was such a sure thing, Beebe said, that a man "would have to be an idiot to fail in this job." He admonished his fellow executives to "keep it simple" and to stick to the Alliance—"go find jobs for these people and do it by the numbers... resist the temptation...to accept any other assignment because you have got in the N.A.B. probably the most valuable franchise at this moment in American business." He decried "fancy new programs" and warned that breaking the hard-core problem starts with a commitment by the top individual in any company. The boss should assign his lieutenant the operating chore and "tell him that his success, not on the civic front but in the *company*, is dependent totally on his success in seeing that those thousand people get properly placed in the system."

Kendall has installed his lieutenant, Paul Kayser, Pepsi's vice-president of industrial relations, as Beebe's successor. Kayser has already reorganized the N.A.B. Washington staff with an eye to enlargement of N.A.B. from 50 to 125 metropolitan areas. "They started from scratch," says Kayser of his predecessors, "and what they did was monumental. Our job is to make the organization work in a big sense, to get corpora-

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tions to start programs in all their branches and local units, to put this into the medium and small towns of America."

The President and Kendall became friends in July, 1959, when Nixon was in Moscow having his kitchen debate with Khrushchev. Kendall, then Pepsi's international vice-president, told Nixon, "I'm dead if I don't get a Pepsi into Khrushchev's hand." Nixon obliged, and Kendall wound up serving Pepsis to the entire Soviet brass, a well-photographed and publicized event. When Nixon came limping into New York in 1963 to practice law after the California disaster, the two men renewed their friendship, and Kendall accompanied Nixon on his forays into the world's trouble spots. Nixon was Pepsi's lawyer. There was plenty of Pepsi aboard the Nixon campaign plane last fall.

Kendall realizes that Henry Ford II is a hard act to follow. "I think we could have a let-down in the second year," Kendall said recently, "but if we appeal to businessmen's competitive instincts, this thing will continue to go and get bigger. It's not really complicated, putting a man in a job. Some people want to complicate the hell out of it."

To show his fellow businessmen that he is a True Believer, Kendall laid it on at the N.A.B. conference. "We continue to be influenced," he said, "by the obsolete, puritan ethic of charity, which believes in the right of the haves to determine how much the have-nots get.... All too often we consider the impoverishment of some as punishment for their past sins. Unfortunately, our present system of welfare perpetuates this myth all too often." And to demonstrate that he understood, Kendall remarked: "Some of my conservative friends think that the N.A.B. is just another group of do-gooders on a sabbatical from the rat race. Some of my liberal friends think it is a group of fat cats running scared, that we are trying to buy off the angry poor. To the skeptics, N.A.B. is often considered a hopeless gesture in a hopeless situation. But fortunately for us, the angry poor have adopted a wait-and-see attitude. We can only change this image by our immediate and forthright action—not pie-in-the-sky promises, but action."

There was an appropriate sprinkling of blacks at the conference; among them were Whitney Young, executive director of the National Urban League; Mayor Richard D. Hatcher, of Gary; and Pearl Bailey.

The angriest remarks came from Hatcher, who lambasted the Administration's ABM proposal and charged that

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businessmen wanted it because of defense contracts and fear of a peacetime economy. He said the jobs found by N.A.B. were "pathetically little."

Whitney Young knows how to get to the business folk. He chided them at the lunch for not having two black vice-presidents (as Pepsi does) and lamented how tough it is to be a sane, responsible black leader these days. He did not attack the ABM directly, but he did warn the businessmen that unless there is a comparable expenditure for "the internal threat in this society," the outside enemy will be insignificant. Black people need to see "their shade of sun tan" at the top, he said, so they can aspire.

Preferential treatment is the order of the day, and the businessmen feel glad they have Whitney. Whitney knows them. His feet have padded over the thickest executive rugs in the land. He has been roommate to Henry Ford II on overseas trips. He receives all manner of phone calls from executives who would be disappointed these days if Whitney didn't raise some hell.

As the most celebrated adventure in the recent national effort to locate, hire, train and keep the hard-core of America, N.A.B. can be called a conditional success; a more thorough assessment of its merit is not yet possible. The businessmen not only exceeded their quotas (whatever that means), they learned once more that people are better than most of us are led to believe. Personnel department pecksniffs are diminished for the moment. And even Labor Department bureaucrats are saying that the businessmen made it in the hard-core game where they had failed. Indeed, as William Harris, assistant to the manpower administrator at Labor says: "Now that they're in it, maybe they'll go all the way and find *all* the disadvantaged. At least business has one year's experience in this now."

The optimism must be tentative. There are probably millions of invisible hard-core. Business has only skimmed the cream. A recession could lead many a businessman to backslide into epigrams like "Some people just don't want a job."

There is also the possibility that N.A.B. officials, in their second year, will pay less attention. Henry Ford II dismisses such suspicions of Kendall (some expressed by N.A.B. staff members) and says: "He'll keep it going, if he's given a chance. We've got to keep it out of the political arena."■

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MASSACHUSETTS' OTHER RISING STAR

Mayor Kevin White of Boston

by Christopher Lydon

Christopher Lydon studied Kevin White while covering politics for The Boston Globe. *He is now with* The New York Times *in Washington.*

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The myth of Boston and Massachusetts politics is sustained, especially among the local population, on the basis of largely accidental and exaggerated associations with both notoriety and greatness. From the distant Revolutionary past to the more recent Kennedy era, the city has been spoiled and distracted by seeing its native sons move boldly onto the national stage. And in some curious sense, Bostonians don't really acknowledge their political leaders until they have made a national imprint or (still a surer way to local hearts) suffered defeat.

Kevin Hagan White, halfway through his second year as the 43rd Mayor of Boston, suffers from this mythology, although he is a more typical Bostonian than any of his better known neighbors who have moved to Washington: Senators Edward M. Kennedy and Edward W. Brooke, House Speaker John W. McCormack, Secretary of Transportation John A. Volpe, and Under Secretary of State Elliot L. Richardson.

In his own family and his wife's, he is the direct heir of at least three clear strands of Boston Irish politics. Yet until recently he was a curiously unknown and unappreciated quantity.

Among his counterparts elsewhere and in Boston itself, Kevin White has often been an easy figure not to notice. In his race against the Negro-baiting Mrs. Louise Day Hicks in 1967, visiting reporters usually consigned him to footnotes in stories about the lumbering school committeewoman whose tiny school-girl voice told all-white audiences, "You know where I stand." Where his predecessor, John F. Collins, sought and won a wide reputation for an eight-year program of austerity, massive renewal, and long-range planning, White has concentrated on the unspectacular process of civilizing city life.

Nationally, he has received little attention. He is not as dazzlingly good-looking as John V. Lindsay, and Boston is a village compared with New York. Boston does not have the excitement that drew immediate attention to Mayor Joseph Alioto of San Francisco; it is not as deeply imperiled as Jerome Cavanagh's Detroit or as black as Carl Stokes's Cleveland. And even if White succeeds in Boston and survives to higher office (a major feat for any modern mayor), he will hardly have proven on a broad scale that our cities are governable.

But even with his local audience Kevin White has had a difficult time winning recognition of his power, innovation, and real talent that have made Boston a demonstrably happier place to live and work. Along the acrimonious sidewalks of Beacon and School Streets, between City Hall and the State House, the older pols and hangers-on still commonly describe White with that most damaging of adjectives: "light." ("If you dropped Kevin off the Prudential Tower," goes a standard line, "he'd float upwards.") For his delicate campaign against a lady demagogue, he was called "bland," though he was the first candidate in the race when it appeared that Mayor Collins was running for re-election, and as Secretary of State for seven years before that, he had been a

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persistently disruptive member of the Democratic Party. By men whose stars had risen and collapsed in less time than White held statewide office, he was dismissed as a young innocent.

It was not just spite. Kevin White has always lacked the qualities that made other Boston politicians real. He has none of John Collins's growling toughness, little of the Kennedys' sheer voltage with crowds. He was not a member of the Kennedy circle, nor, on the other hand, a Kennedy hater. Among the several tribal leaders in the state party, he had a consistent but not especially fervent following. He never excited the sort of faith that former Governor Endicott Peabody did (briefly) among liberals and intellectuals. White was for years unidentifiable: an anomaly and a loner. People notice now, to their own surprise, that he is, at the age of 39, the longest-floating Democrat in local politics since World War II. In much the same surprised way, they are saying that he is an extraordinarily good mayor, perhaps even a new standard of effective public performance.

In his year and a half as Mayor, Kevin White has made at least four essential contributions to the revival of Boston's morale, which had sagged badly in the years before his accession. He has begun to discover the means of giving dramatic, persuasive attention to the particular needs of older, predominantly white neighborhoods. At the same time he has opened lines of communication to the black ghetto of Roxbury in a city where until recently it was automatic and politically fashionable to scorn such complaints. Third, White has staffed city departments across the board with well-paid professionals—an administrative revolution for Boston. Fourth and most important, White has infected Boston with his own open, familiar, often antic, infinitely likeable personality.

In his use of his office, White personifies an awakening from the nightmare of "urban crises," a happy instinct for confronting anxious problems at their human scale. Boston is just small enough a city to make this possible, but no Boston mayor before him really did it. The real hallmarks of the White administration are the little glimpses of humor and resolution where one would least have expected them. Driving past the Roxbury Court House one afternoon in mid-February, White spotted a large circular crowd in an empty parking lot. "Stop the car; it must be a fight," he said, pouncing out and pushing his way into the center of the crowd. Two schoolgirls were wrestling on the ground, one astride the other, pummeling her in the face. "This is the Mayor," White shouted to no avail. "I'm telling you to stop." Even when he seized the bigger girl's arm, she kept flailing with the other as he kept saying, "This is the Mayor." Finally she looked up at his face and froze. "Oh, Kevin!" she said, "It really is you!"

The opening of schools last fall precipitated a debate on clothing (are dashikis acceptable on Negro boys? should ties be required on everybody else?) and a series of mini-disturbances in Roxbury, Brighton, and East Boston. One evening early in September David Nelson, a Negro whom White had made chairman of the City Hospital trustees, brought back to City Hall from a minor clash several young, black victims of police nightsticks. White met them as he was leaving his office. "Didn't do a thing to deserve that, did you, fellas?" the Mayor observed, showing the way to his own lavatory. Halfway down the City Hall stairs, he turned around. "Hey, fellas," he shouted, starting to laugh, "when you all take over this city—and you will someday—take it easy on the Puerto Ricans, will you?"

White swings unpredictably from mood to mood. What gets him down in his low periods (or at least what he ex-

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presses) is not fear of the city's social or racial difficulties, but institutional problems: the decrepitude of the city's physical plant ("The sewer system is so old it's a joke—it could go any day now"), the rigidity of the civil service system and the unavailability of administrative talent, or the antiquity of the city itself ("sometimes I look around at our housing and wish I could burn the town down myself").

But he has resiliency, a contagious enthusiasm, in most of the situations that others dread. This spirit also marks White's administrative cabinet. By energy, intelligence, an extraordinary diversity of political experience, and a working harmony that is dissolving bureaucratic barriers, this cabinet—chiefly through weekly meetings with White—gives the Mayor a jump on most policy questions. A handful of sketches suggests both the variety of White's staff and the range of the city's woes.

Men, Roles, and Woes

Barney Frank, 28, is now the Mayor's chief secretary, presides over the "cabinet" in White's absence, and appears to be the closest thing in the administration to a White *alter ego.* He is a rare combination of things, with his Bayonne, N.J., accent, nickel cigars, Harvard undergraduate and graduate education, and encyclopedic knowledge of Boston's political history and folkways. In the ten years since he came to Cambridge as a Harvard freshman, he has had at least a little experience at every imaginable level of politics—in Greater Boston Congressional campaigns, in Eddie McCormack's Senate campaign against Ted Kennedy in 1962, with the Freedom Democratic Party in Mississippi through the summer of 1964, and as staff researcher for a coalition of rebellious Democratic liberals in the Massachusetts Legislature. Frank volunteered his services to White at the start of the final campaign against Mrs. Hicks.

"Kevin forgot our first appointment completely," says Frank. "But when I finally met him he impressed me right away. When he hired me, he said, 'Look, do me a favor. If you find you're not doing anything useful at the end of a week, give me a call.' I took that as a sign that he knew political administration; he knew that signing me on didn't give me a real function."

Immediately after the election, Frank became a valuable talent scout, particularly at the Kennedy Institute. Inside the Mayor's office, he does a little of everything: he writes, lobbies with the City Council, handles much of the Mayor's press relations, keeps a general eye on administrative departments and, in policy debates, argues the liberal side of every question. He pushed successfully for the appointment of Julius Bernstein to the Boston Housing Authority over Council fulminations that Bernstein was still the head of the Socialist Party in Boston. He fought for a more generous response to militant black demands. He is the most persistent pressure on White to shake up, and eventually civilize, the Boston Police Department.

Hale Champion, 46, the heir to Edward J. Logue at the Boston Redevelopment Authority, came from the Kennedy Institute, where he had just finished a year of happy exile from California politics. Originally a reporter with the *Milwaukee Journal* and *San Francisco Chronicle,* Champion had been Governor Edmund G. (Pat) Brown's press secretary, campaign manager, and, eventually, Director of Finance for the state of California. At the same moment that Kevin White was approaching him, Champion received an offer to take a similar renewal post in San Francisco. He chose Boston because of the BRA's peculiarly large powers, and also because he sensed greater potential in

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White than in San Francisco Mayor Joseph Alioto.

Champion frets that he seems to have spent most of his time in the Boston job evolving his general strategy and reorganizing the Authority. "You've got to keep flying the plane as you try to fix it," he observes. "I've made no secret of the fact that I considered Logue's plane in pretty bad shape. So far, I've been better at getting things in shape than in getting things done." Yet Champion has made low-income housing the highest priority of the BRA, and that in itself is a radical shift. "There hasn't been a unit of public housing built in this city since 1954—excepting projects for the elderly. Rent subsidies allow you to put a limited number of low-income families into new middle-income developments. But really nothing has been done about producing housing for *large* low-income families; this clearly represents the most pressing human need in Boston. In all the renewal areas, we're trying to force the construction of four-bedroom units and to get up to 30 per cent of the units for public-housing leases. In the South End, I've met with all the developers that had agreements with the BRA and simply told them that I want four- and five-bedroom apartments.

"In the Fenway project, which the Christian Science Church is developing, the problem is different—not large families but the elderly. The Fenway plan Logue approved didn't have a single unit reserved for low-income tenants, though 50 per cent of the people being relocated for the new development could qualify, on their incomes, for public housing. We made it clear that we weren't going to proceed until they found room in their own project for the old Fenway residents they were displacing. This sort of thing upsets the developers. They were used to the Logue theory of renewal construction: strengthen the tax base, and get some more middle-income residents into the city. Now they are having to meet different objectives, but they are gradually finding that they can."

Champion feels that Collins and Logue "really had the downtown problem pretty well licked. The business community is committed and the office-building boom is still growing." He regards the shutoff (just a few weeks after White's election) of $56 million in promised federal financing for renewal of the main shopping district as only a temporary setback.

Champion sees a new role for the BRA in planning industrial development. "There was no economics in Logue's General Plan of 1965," he says. "In all of Boston's planning there's been a tacit acceptance of the city's remarkably low wage levels. The wealth-makers today are the universities and research institutions; this area is loaded with them, but all the riches have been going to the suburbs around Route 128. Boston is still stuck with loft garment industries. How do we get the new industries in, and which ones fit our possibilities? How do we make land available? This is only one of the reasons I'm interested in a new community—literally developing new land in Boston Harbor. It would break down the ghetto walls sooner than the suburbs are going to change their zoning laws, and it could be used to free land all over the city for new light industry...."

Paul Parks, 45, administrator of Boston's Model Cities program, occupies that unimaginably difficult position: a black man appointed by a white politician to work with a black community. More specifically, his assignment is the social renewal of a large, seemingly anomalous Model Cities district that encompasses the ghetto but also includes a number of lower-income white neighborhoods. The hazards surrounding the Model Cities idea would have discouraged almost anyone but the stalwartly

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sanguine Parks. While Model Cities is viewed hopefully by some Negroes as the first tentative step toward giving Roxbury a greater voice in its destiny, militants regard it scornfully as a device to undercut the prospects of a black community development corporation. And all the while, the city-wide institutions with whom Parks had to work out his Model Cities plan (the City Council, the School Committee, the construction unions, the teachers' and policemen's unions) have been busily chipping away at Parks's innovations. Parks, a successful architect and one of Boston's universally respected "old militants," admits no major discouragement. He feels that the "manpower" section of his Model Cities plan—almost the only section that survived the City Council re-drafting intact before the plan was submitted to Washington last December—was by far the most important: it will establish a 1,000-man training program in construction skills, to be directed by the Model Cities Board independently of the building trades unions.

David Davis, 36, an economist whom Hale Champion had pulled from the civil service for his personal staff in California, came to Boston 11 months ago to fill the new $23,000 post of Budget Director. His basic assignment is to rationalize, if not reduce, Boston's well-nigh incredible tax rate of $129.20 per $1,000 of assessed valuation. He hopes to develop new revenue ideas (a city payroll tax? a gross receipts tax on businesses? payments in lieu of taxes from the sprawling tax-exempt institutions?), keep an eye out for federal grants, and, in the meantime, make the modern techniques of budget analysis available to the mayor's office as an instrument of policy. "The whole budget business is terribly fragmented here," Davis says. "The basic budget tells you the men-and-materials story about departmental operations, but nothing about where you're going. It doesn't mention schools, or non-operational costs like debt service, or the regional sewer and transit assessments. I'd like to wrap up the costs in a single picture; we could at least show how little of the budget is actually under the Mayor's control. Within the operational departments, the most important first step is to get people to define priorities in their budget requests. There's been much too little calculation of what are known in the jargon as trade-offs; there's really no capacity yet for program evaluation, for measuring the relative effectiveness of programs and departments. We'll never have the staff, and maybe not the need, for program budgeting. Hell, our budget isn't quite as big as the Pentagon's and the city isn't changing its weapons system every year. Still, there are a lot of relatively simple analytical methods that can be useful."

John D. Warner, 37, the Commissioner of Parks and Recreation, resembles White in youthful good looks, political resourcefulness, and unfailing animation. An independently wealthy, Yale-educated businessman from western Massachusetts, Warner was serving in his fifth year as a state Commissioner of Public Works when White persuaded him to join the city administration. The rigidity of civil service hiring rules and the civil service mentality within his own department are Warner's special affliction, but he fights it with zest. "At one of our recreation buildings that was getting very little use," he is fond of saying, "I finally told the caretaker that I wanted the front door of the building kept open. 'But if we leave the door open,' the caretaker told me, 'all the kids will come in!'" The Cabot Street Pool, a palatial turn-of-the-century structure in Lower Roxbury, was for years used primarily by off-duty policemen. The civil servants of the Park Department had kept the magnificently-fitted pool whole and spotless—by their loving care, and also by keeping com-

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munity use at a minimum. Warner's response was to organize a neighborhood corporation that will sign a contract with the city to manage the pool facility. The neighborhood corporation will be free to hire as it pleases for the staff. This is a formula that Warner hopes to repeat around the city.

Warner has a flair for the unusual. He has staged karate exhibitions for lunch-hour crowds in Post Office Square and a thoroughly zany electronic *son-et-lumière* show at the Public Garden. But he has a gung-ho devotion to orthodox sports. His real dream, one guesses, is to put up so many basketball courts all over the city and to organize such a comprehensive coaching program that Boston's schools become famous for their basketball teams.

"Under John Collins," he says, "Boston spent fewer dollars per capita on parks and recreation than any major city in the country." White's first Parks Department budget was bigger by half than Collins's last. "Where the BRA was the symbol of things under Collins," Warner says, "we'd like to think Parks and Recreation can make a mark for this administration."

Daniel J. Finn, 44, is the steadiest, least-noticed member of White's cabinet. A lawyer and sometime management specialist in the Army and in several state government jobs, Finn covers the widest range in the administration. As John Collins's lame-duck Commissioner of Housing Inspection, Finn first won White's attention by proposing and then quietly organizing a communications and supply network to deal with the city's unpredictable winter emergencies. White had been in office less than a week when Boston entered a deep eight-day freeze. Largely because of Finn, a potential crisis became a warm, early triumph for the White administration. In the cold snap, Finn's emergency phone lines answered over 10,000 calls, rendered help in the form of food, fuel, or home repairs to 3,500, and temporarily rehoused 700 people in hotels, lodging houses, public housing, and welfare offices.

Shortly afterward White named Finn head of his "neighborhood city hall" program, which was part of a campaign promise to decentralize city government. White considered the evolution and direction of this program the most demanding job in his administration, with the possible exception of Champion's post at the BRA. At the end of the year, Finn had three mini-city-halls (housed in 50-foot trailers) in active operation, three more opening, and another three or four in planning. As he explains it: "We are trying to establish, at the lowest possible level, a continuing relationship between the people of the community and a qualified man from this office, on the scene every day, talking about local problems and solving as many as he can. In addition to that, we're trying to bring to the neighborhood level—in each of these offices—representatives of all the major operating departments of the city, on a full- or part-time basis, so that response is quicker and expertise is more quickly available, both to the community and to the Mayor's office. Third, in our planning staff, we're analyzing all the complaints and questions that come in, trying to anticipate things and do some preventive planning."

Finn has also been assigned the main responsibility for mopping up after White's most spectacular failure in office: the confused and ultimately vain effort in the first few days of January, 1968, to unseat his pedestrian, hand-me-down Police Commissioner, Edmund McNamara. McNamara had been appointed to a new five-year term in the last months of John Collins's term. White, convinced that he could persuade McNamara to resign, offered the job to Jack Ingersoll, who was chief of police in Charlotte, N. C., and had been

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a protegé of O. W. Wilson in the Chicago police department. When the *Boston Globe* published the first story of the offer to Ingersoll, the rival *Herald* dug up the other side of the story—McNamara's outrage at having his job advertised before he himself had been asked to leave. Through old mutual friends in the national police establishment, McNamara pressed Ingersoll to turn down White's offer, and Ingersoll obliged. White was stuck, and still is, with the old police commissioner. McNamara is understandably disgruntled but determined to stay put. Finn, in his unenviable role of liaison officer between the Mayor's office and police headquarters, maintains a tactful pressure for modernized management and more effective use of manpower.

Undergrounds and Schoolgrounds

Important as these appointments have been to the tone and direction of his administration, White's own performance still leads the way in showing how a personal style can ventilate a lot of problems, even when a mayor cannot solve them. His experience with the hippies on Boston Common last summer is a trivial instance of this, his work on the Boston schools is a significant one. Between the hippies and the city government there was never much prospect of lasting harmony: early in the spring the word was out from New York to San Francisco that Boston and its venerable cow pasture would be the next hip resort, and by the end of May there were hundreds of young people camping on the Common in front of the bow-front houses of Beacon Street.

To say nothing of drugs, health problems were an immediate danger; Beacon Hill merchants were outraged; suburban toughs, more than the police, made the Common a nightly battleground. White never felt he had much room for accommodation. Even as he talked with the hippies, his staff was firm. "Our plan of attack on this problem will be a steady moving and harassing of the hippies wherever they gather," said a memorandum from White's Cabinet. "We can't negotiate with these people; we must just keep pushing. Any indication of latitude will only attract more...." The removal of park benches from the Common, curfews, and the use of sprinklers almost around the clock kept the hippies moving and suppressed the problem without solving it.

But at the very least, White's calm had undercut a variety of legislators and city councillors who wanted total confrontation. *Avatar*, the Boston-Cambridge underground paper, printed White's relatively generous public policy statement within the paper's own psychedelic border, and *Avatar*'s associate editor, Charles Giuliano, offered backhanded thanks.

Avatar was "pleased," said Giuliano, "to have as its most recent contributor Kevin White. *Avatar* is flattered and surprised that the Mayor's office and members of the police department have graciously extended the arm of negotiation to us. So the mayor wants to listen to the HIP community? Next time someone interviews me and asks what's an underground paper, I'll have to say, 'Ask somebody else, brother, we've copped out.'"

The Boston school system is a far more intransigent problem and one over which the Mayor has even less control. By state law, the five-member Boston School Committee has complete control over educational policy; the forbidding political fact, especially since Mrs. Hicks came on the scene, is that the most consistently re-elected committeemen, like Mrs. Hicks and Joseph Lee, are those who keep saying, in the face

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of unnecessarily massive evidence to the contrary, that Boston has "the finest school system in the nation." Jonathan Kozol's *Death at an Early Age*, a scathing chronicle of callousness and brutality in Boston's ghetto schools that appeared in 1967, is probably quite as applicable today. The more general problems of the Boston schools are: the departure of middle-class families for the suburbs, skimming by the large parochial system, quickly mounting racial imbalance, aging teachers, antique buildings. ("The Aggasiz School in Jamaica Plain was over 100 years old when I went there 25 years ago," White used to say in the campaign. "It's still in use today—a great tribute to the bricklayers but it doesn't say much for our school system.") The specific crises in the Boston schools are a miniature of New York's; the decentralization issue has been less clearly defined, and to date only individual schools have been closed down, and for relatively short duration, by the crossfire. On school issues through most of his first year, White's role was ambiguous or nonexistent; the easiest course, as for past mayors, is to point to a clear lack of statutory responsibility. But White's stance changed fundamentally at the end of September, while white and black students were boycotting classes in a dispute over what constituted acceptable clothing in school.

"What are the real issues?" he asked. "To begin with, there is a very real and very significant question of the extent of neighborhood influence, be the neighborhood black or white, over the operation of neighborhood schools. Many who have been strongest advocates of the neighborhood [i.e., Mrs. Hicks] have failed to realize how highly centralized was this city's system of public education, and how little it really mattered in an educational sense in which neighborhood a child attended school. Determining the proper degree of neighborhood influence is a complex and time-consuming problem. It needs calm deliberation and patient experiment—not pre-conception, anger, and violence.

"Another issue which I consider to be a real issue is the undeniable fact of an emerging racial consciousness on the part of Boston's Negro students. I believe that this should be fostered. I I find this no more inconsistent with the American way of life than is the retention of ethnic or natural traditions by Irish-Americans, Italian-Americans, Jewish-Americans, or any other distinct and originally immigrant group....

"Basically progress toward resolving these conflicts will be impossible if we treat this week's events as anything less than a significant challenge to the entire role of the Negro people in Boston society. At the same time, this confrontation threatens to obscure the fact that Boston's white students, as well as its black, have been cheated. The physical plants available to predominantly white student bodies are, in too many cases, old and dilapidated. Let us not delude ourselves into believing that we are confronted solely by a racial issue when in fact we face the betrayal of all children by a system not equipped to provide them, as it must, with the very best of educational experiences....

"I am prepared to take action with regard to the fundamental questions which have been raised. I believe that we can arrive at rational answers."

For all its generalities, this was the first statement by any incumbent mayor that discussed schools without belaboring the restrictions of authority and responsibility. White has since formed a committee, with himself as chairman, that has now visited all the city's high schools. The main event of a White school visit is a question and answer session of an hour or more with the entire student body in a main audi-

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White's View from City Hall

Both the White administration and White himself reflect a certain lack of discipline, perhaps, but also earnestness, humor, and originality. These qualities come through in what he says and how he says it.

Of the Neighborhood City Halls: "They're tough. They're struggling. In our program I think we've made a unique effort to find a governmental mechanism that does what party politics and ward organization used to do—that brings back a personal approach to the public care of neighborhoods.... It's too soon to know if the 'Little City Halls' are successful. But ours are the most sophisticated of their kind anywhere. Other cities have local complaint bureaus, or stations where people can get specialized problems referred to the right agency, or emergency teams of troubleshooters. Here, these things are really a decentralized administration; not decentralized power, mind you—but decentralized administration."

Of John V. Lindsay: "There's no one I admire more in public life. Lindsay's problems illustrate the fundamental harshness of politics. Is there anyone anywhere that doubts that John Lindsay works his job, that he's a good man, that he gives every ounce of himself for New York? Yet he's in terrible trouble. My own instinct is that he's going to be all right, but nonetheless....One of the hard things to learn in politics is that there is always that day of reckoning, the inexorable day when it can all be taken away from you. In no other business can everything a man has done disappear so quickly....It's a tough, tough business and the end of the road is almost inevitably defeat."

On being a mayor: "It's having to deal with a thousand unrelated pieces of junk. It's as if somebody came into your office on a Monday morning and dumped a wastebasket on your desk—and then said, on the way out, 'I'll be back every morning this week with a new load.' The cities are exposed to the heaviest public demands but have the least power to solve real problems."

On Boston: "There's life in the neighborhoods. I'm really very hopeful."

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torium; teachers and principals and, in most cases, the press have been barred. For the students who greet him like a matinee idol and bury him with questions, it is more than an afternoon's entertainment. For White it provides immeasurable insights.

"I keep coming back to one conclusion," he says. "The principals make the schools. For all the broken windows and bad facilities, a good principal can make a school work and a bad one can ruin anything, in much the same way that, for all his limited powers, a mayor sets the tone of a city for better or worse. It is always fascinating. South Boston High School is a segregated school; it's literally falling down, a shambles. The principal there gave me a quick introduction and I knew in two seconds that he was a leader with his students. At a girls' high school that I won't name, I got superb questions, superb dialogue. But as soon as the headmistress came back into the auditorium, she and I both knew that she was the whole problem in the school. I had asked the girls to send me more questions at City Hall and they clapped. When the headmistress said she would forward their questions, the girls paused and then laughed out loud."

Hyde Park High School, in the semi-suburban southwest corner of the

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city is not an extreme of either kind. On his visit to the school this winter White was noticeably more relaxed and in fact more communicative than he normally is with reporters. Black students, a small minority at Hyde Park High School, clustered together in tight groups in the auditorium. But they were forcefully represented among the questioners, and a little black girl who appealed for young teachers and a few black teachers got an emotional cheer.

"I'm glad that you mentioned black teachers," said White. "Less than 75 years ago the most divisive educational issue in Boston—over which there were boycotts by 25 per cent of the students—was the Irish demand for more Catholic teachers in the public schools. The administration's answer was that Protestant teachers could do the job just as well. I want to see black teachers in every one of our schools, I want to see a lot more black history taught, and I'll be happy to see black student unions wherever you want them."

The Mayor of Boston is in no position now to deliver even these modest blessings, and no one who hears Kevin White knows where he goes from here. When liberals prod him about making the School Committee appointive (a number of proposals would put the balance of appointing power in the mayor's office), White likes to remind them how close Mrs. Hicks came to becoming mayor. But whether he moves toward decentralization or abolition of the elected School Committee, White is the first Boston Mayor to have accepted some responsibility for education. That in itself is a promising change.

Bending the Twig

Just as the Kennedys were born into national and international affairs through drilling over the dinner table, so Kevin White grew up testing his political wits in family conversation and in his father's ward campaigns.

Joseph C. White, who died just months before his son was elected mayor, had held local political office almost uninterruptedly from 1927 (two years before Kevin's birth) to 1960, when he suffered a stroke and retired as president of the Boston City Council. A careful, non-controversial representative of Boston's lace-curtain semi-suburbs, Joe White had also served in both branches of the state legislature and on the Boston School Committee; he suffered his only defeat when he ran for sheriff in 1956.

Kevin White's grandfather on his mother's side was Henry E. Hagan, who had come to Boston by way of the Canadian Maritimes, established himself as a shoe dealer, then entered city politics in 1915 on a reform wave, with the backing of the Good Government Association that James Michael Curley derided as the "Goo-Goo's." Like Joe White and Henry Hagan, Kevin White's father-in-law, William J. (Mother) Galvin, served his term as president of the Boston City Council. But he represented still another distinct layer of Boston Irish politics. Mother Galvin, nicknamed in tribute to his effectiveness as a provider during Prohibition, established himself in the Depression as the ward boss of Charlestown, a waterfront section huddled around the Bunker Hill Monument, and even after World War II Galvin remained a potentate to be reckoned with.

This early cross-fertilization is unmistakable in Kevin White's conversation today. When most boys his age were memorizing batting averages, he was feeding himself on election statistics. (Who, he would challenge his father, was the Republican candidate for lieutenant governor in 1926? Who topped the school committee ticket in 1937?) He used to chat in the White family kitchen with the personalities who

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inspired the minor characters in *The Last Hurrah.* His practical exposure came early, as an active campaigner in Maurice Tobin's successful race for Governor in 1946. He was 17 at the time. "Since then," he has said, "I don't remember a campaign that I didn't work in."

His mother—to this day a strikingly beautiful, somewhat stern woman with whom the Mayor is in daily touch by phone or in person—was a different kind of influence. It was she who insisted that young Kevin White, a floundering student in the local public schools, be packed off to Tabor Academy on Cape Cod, where he did badly but managed somehow to get admitted to Williams College. ("I believe in late bloomers," he told the students at Hyde Park High School. "I ranked 83rd in a high school class of 85; if college admissions were based on achievement, I wouldn't have a degree.") His mother—widely-read, aspiring, never at ease with Joe White's cronies, always a Goo-Goo at heart—endowed Kevin White with his liberalism and cosmopolitan ambitions. Adlai Stevenson became his political hero in 1952.

Each of these several strains contributed its bit to the public impression of Kevin White. For his political presence, his impeccable suits, his striped silk ties, his notably arch pronounciation of "Bawston," he is accepted (or put down) as the stock Chamber of Commerce Irishman. Away from the rostrum, however, his precocious fixation on the mechanics and intrigue of politics itself, though broadened by wide reading in British and American history, is still what fires his imagination and fills his informal conversation. Through the years when his official duties in government demanded less than full attention, he established himself among Boston political reporters as a journalist *manqué*. As the most amusing and perceptive background commentator on daily shenanigans at the State House, he became the source of reams of interpretive copy.

There is less opportunity for that at City Hall, but White has hardly changed. He frets over political questions, the more ephemeral the better, all day long, then dissects them through the wee hours over the phone with his mother or with any one of a small knot of old friends. (What is happening to Ted Kennedy's control of the state Democratic organization? What sort of qualities should I be looking for in a fire commissioner? How do we budge the "swing" City Council member to rebuild a working Council majority?) He treats each question as momentous and urgent, and the disproportion is sometimes ludicrous. As a "sniffer," White is rivaled only by Dr. Doolittle's dog, Jip, who found a shipwrecked sailor by going to the front of Doolittle's ship and smelling the wind. It often seems that as soon as he steps out of his house in the morning, White can sense a dozen plots, counter-plots and developing power struggles. He talks about them all with contagious excitement, in his own engaging version of the Boston patois. (White's contribution to the language of politics is his unvarying closer, "I'll talk to ya"—which, translated, means, "I can't waste time with you now, but you know I wouldn't make a move without consulting you.") While critics may argue that he is excessively political, it will never be said of Kevin White, as it is so often said of John Lindsay, that he felt surprised or victimized by petty politics. No one has studied the pettiness of city politics more carefully or more joyfully than White, and in the long pull, those are important lessons learned.

White graduated from Williams College in 1952 and from Boston College Law School three years later. After a brief stint with Standard Oil in Los Angeles, he rushed back to Boston in

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1956 to marry the radiant Kathryn Galvin and to sign on as an assistant district attorney of Suffolk County—an established first step into Massachusetts political life. (His slot in the D.A.'s office was assigned, three years after his departure, to Edward Moore Kennedy, who needed a modicum of working experience to qualify him for the U.S. Senate campaign in 1962.) White and his bride established themselves in an apartment on Beacon Hill, a short walk from the Courthouse. They have lived in the same picturesque area ever since.

Onward and Upward

Contrary to the George Apley legend, Beacon Hill is largely populated by young professional people, and it was with them that White organized his first modest coup: capturing control of the Ward 5 Democratic committee in 1960. That same summer, when he was 30—a year older than John F. Kennedy was when he first went to Congress in 1946—White was endorsed for secretary of state at the Democratic state convention. Like the Kennedy of 1946, the White of 1960 was billed as a prodigy in political craft and leadership; but his nomination, like Kennedy's, was a father-son act. Joe White called in a lifetime of political IOU's, and the convention's presiding officer, an old colleague of the elder White, helped out by gaveling opponents into oblivion.

The November election would long have been forgotten if his Republican opponent had not been Edward W. Brooke, then an attorney from Roxbury, later the Massachusetts attorney general, and now U.S. Senator. White, helped considerably by having John Kennedy in the top position on the Democratic ticket in 1960, beat Brooke handily and took possession, in 1961, of one of the world's most insignificant political offices. (In a feverish effort to dramatize that campaign long after the fact, *Time* magazine reported in 1967 that Brooke's first opponent had plastered the state with double-edged billboards: Vote WHITE. The story is completely false; to avoid any such racial interpretation, White printed on all his literature: Vote KEVIN WHITE, the unambiguous phrase he has stuck with ever since.)

As Secretary of State, White used his office and its record-keeping functions for a number of new purposes. He pressed for—and won—passage of one of the best financial-disclosure laws in the country, under which all statewide candidates must channel all their political money through publicly reported bank accounts. Enforcement of the law was always imperfect; "straws" are almost impossible to eliminate from the lists of contributors. But even with its faults, the law gave Massachusetts fresh insight into a sensitive underlayer of politics.

At the State House, White's office gave him a window on the deterioration of the Democratic Party—its executive blundering, its rigidity in the legislature. And all the while, in three consecutive biennial campaigns, his majorities grew dramatically as Republicans gradually took over the major offices.

His one major effort to change the situation was an embarrassing failure: in 1964 he conspired with Lieutenant Governor Francis X. Bellotti to challenge then-Governor Endicott Peabody for renomination in the party primary. Bellotti defeated Peabody but then lost the election narrowly to John A. Volpe, now U.S. Secretary of Transportation. White now says of the 1964 political scene: "I was sure enough of my antennae to know that Peabody was not doing the job, that he was vulnerable. But I didn't have then whatever it took to make myself the candidate instead of Bellotti. If I had had as much confidence

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in myself then as I do now, I could have been Governor of Massachusetts four years ago."

In one sense, White is Mayor of Boston today only because he missed the gubernatorial race again in 1966. He himself never doubted that he was the only electable Democrat in a large field of aspirants. But after waiting in vain for an encouraging nod from Ted Kennedy, White bailed out of the preliminaries for the Governor's race even before it got hot. The campaign for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination became a bloody three-way fight among former White House appointments secretary Kenneth P. O'Donnell (never endorsed by Ted Kennedy), Edward J. McCormack (Speaker of the House John McCormack's nephew), and Maurice A. Donahue, president of the state Senate and leader of the party's legislative faction. McCormack won the convention endorsement and the autumn primary; White watched McCormack lose the final election to Volpe by the record margin of half a million votes.

At the early-summer convention, Kennedy had offered White a chance to run with his blessing for the attorney general's office. But White turned it down. He calculated that if he accepted Kennedy's offer and the ticket won, he would still rank second to McCormack in state party affairs; if the top of the Democratic ticket went down to defeat together (as indeed it did), he would be out of a job. In fact, White had decided weeks before the convention that his only route to a position of independent power in the party at large ran through the office of Mayor of Boston, which would be up for challenge a year later. At some risk of appearing gutless, White ran for reelection as Secretary again in 1966. He ended up with the largest plurality ever given a candidate for state office in Massachusetts. His campaign, what there was of it, concentrated on Boston in a warm-up for the mayor's race of 1967.

Hindsight tends to make any past election look as if it had been an orderly, if not inevitable, selection process. One of White's triumphs is that he has made his own chaotic victory in 1967 seem, in retrospect, a logical, happy transition. In fact, the mayoral campaign started out with a comically bloated field of 11 candidates in the preliminary round before proceeding to the main event, which turned into a sickeningly real struggle with the city's own death wish.

We have become accustomed to thinking of all large American cities as standing on the brink of disaster, but Boston in 1967 faced a peculiar emotional crisis. Only a few years earlier, the national press had celebrated the signs of a New Boston: the shrewd business sense of Mayor John F. Collins (first elected in a dramatic upset in 1959) and the breathtakingly ambitious new planning of Renewal Administrator Edward J. Logue (stolen by Collins from Mayor Richard Lee of New Haven; now Governor Nelson Rockefeller's director of the Urban Development Corporation in New York). But by 1967, the social foundations of the New Boston were shaking visibly. In 1963, Collins had won reelection with only 55 per cent of the vote against an unpromising challenger. In 1966, in a Democratic primary race for the U.S. Senate, Collins lost to Endicott Peabody (who then lost to Ed Brooke); but in his home city of Boston, Collins lost 21 out of 22 wards and polled less than 36 per cent of the total city turnout. Collins's defeat for the Senate was the first concrete sign of an angry alienation that almost no one in Boston had seen building.

Earlier, Logue and Collins together, with the unflagging support of

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the city's newspapers and broadcasting stations, had turned Boston's attention to concern about its future. The primary elements in Logue's vision were rehabilitated downtown centers of commerce and neighborhood renewal in three particularly dilapidated sections of the city. These neighborhoods were to be brightened by selective demolition and new construction and, more important, stabilized if not repopulated by middle-class families and young new urbanites. Logue, a masterful salesman, mesmerized Boston with his own sense of the city's glossy urban destiny.

He is a deft writer and made compelling use of graphics. His own offices at the top of the City Hall Annex—aswirl with bold primary colors, aerial photographs, color-coded maps, renewal charts—gave local writers and especially the out-of-town press an exhilarating refuge from the filthy drab of City Hall and the agency offices just below Logue. His "General Plan for Boston: 1965-1975" portrayed as handsome a city of the future as could ever be imagined; the volume would be an ornament to the choicest coffee table. Nor was Logue's promise entirely lost on residents of the city's older neighborhoods.

The splendor of Logue's land-use maps and architectural drawings may have been anesthesia for the surgery Boston required. If so, no one fell more deeply under its effects than Logue and Collins themselves. They would allow no judgment of themselves and their efforts short of 1975. And Logue's description of that millennium was so extravagant as to be suspect among ordinary voters, especially when the city appeared to neglect immediate, simple services and a reasonable dialogue with city neighborhoods about *their* concerns.

Perhaps, again, savage political division is a necessary price to pay for the radical surgery Boston needed in the early 1960's. Certainly it is no accident that the era of Logue and Collins also became the heyday of a particularly virulent demagoguery in Boston—ultimately in the person of Louise Day Hicks. Although Mrs. Hicks is widely described in terms of the racial issues that she herself had seized upon as chairman of the Boston School Committee, there was probably less calculated racism among her followers than in her own political program.

By comparative standards within this reportedly racist nation, Boston is not a bigoted town. In a clear choice between Edward W. Brooke and a young Boston Irish Democrat named Jimmy Hennigan in 1964, the city of Boston voted for the Negro Brooke for attorney general—one of the precious few times Boston has voted Republican for anyone. The Negro population of Boston is too small, too isolated, and too accommodating to be the major issue in the city's politics. Hicksism—there and elsewhere—is the twisted cry of sad and neglected people: in Boston, it had less to do with Negroes (no darlings themselves of the previous city administration) than with the tough, cold politics of renewal under John Collins.

Under a new city charter promoted by anti-Curley business interests and adopted shortly after World War II, Boston's non-partisan mayoral election is a two-stage affair. The system is designed to thwart old-time "loading" of the field that, in one-shot elections, often gave victory to popular demagogues who did not command majority support. The major candidates in Boston's modern mayoral campaigns have always been Democrats, but the second phase of the election typically gives the mass media and the small minority of Republican voters a large hand in picking an "acceptable Democrat" from the finalists.

White was helped by the very size of the preliminary field, and particularly by the entry of Republican John

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Winthrop Sears, an energetic young Brahmin and ex-Rhodes Scholar who drew support away from Ed Logue. But if, as many thought, the fight was between White and Logue for a shot against Mrs. Hicks, it was Logue's surreptitious challenge against White's nominating papers that decided it. The use of a phantom "straw" to file the challenge, the mysterious involvement of City Hall and Redevelopment Authority lawyers, and Logue's decision to abort the challenge proceedings at their climax combined to dramatize old legends of Logue's manipulative ruthlessness and drop him to fourth place in the first round. Mrs. Hicks placed first, substantially ahead of White, though with only 28 per cent of the total September turnout. John Sears, to everyone's surprise, ran third.

White was still luckier in the final election. For all her cunning at the School Committee, Louise Day Hicks was the most implausible of candidates for a major executive office. Her greatest handicap was her womanhood—not incompatible with a School Committee charged with looking after the city children, but unacceptable in terms of a mayor's office that handles the budget and manages city departments. Mrs. Hicks compounded her difficulties three weeks before the election by promising Boston's policemen that she would raise their pay by a third, to a $10,000 minimum, with no increase in taxes. The money, she said, would come from Washington. Asked how she would get it, Mrs. Hicks blurted out that she and her followers would "beseige Washington" and "storm the President of the United States and the Congress."

White, pleased to have the campaign move off racial issues, hammered away at "fiscal fantasy" and credibility gaps. Mrs. Hicks's racial offensive grew more strident and, by itself, would likely have defeated her. At a public meeting with policemen and their wives, where White had mentioned "non-lethal weapons" as part of a modernized equipment package, Mrs. Hicks responded by saying: "I guess I'm not familiar with these so-called non-lethal weapons. When I send the Boston police force in to quell a riot, I will want you to quell it with the weapons you have."

Mrs. Hicks ran surprisingly strong in the election. The final count was 102,551 for White, 90,122 for his opponent. Mrs. Hicks carried 10 of the 22 wards and came within six percentage points, or 12,429 votes, of winning.

There are still many who feel that White did not "win" the election; Mrs. Hicks and Ed Logue lost it. But this grudging view of the "accidental mayor" is not entirely fair. The fading clippings show that even early in the campaign White expressed the most sensitive understanding of the city's future and of the need, above all, for a political healing. He was one of the rare candidates who could speak openly about the significance of personality in politics. "The thing most voters don't consider, but which is vitally important, is emotional stability," he said. "You've got to remember that's power you're giving a man." As for the question of a new sports stadium, on which the newspapers forced all the candidates to take a stand, White was the only one who spoke hard sense: "I don't think the stadium is the deepest problem that confronts Boston and it has been played out of all proportion." It is now apparent that he was better prepared than many acknowledged at the time on such specialties as assessing, housing policy, transportation, and fiscal planning; he also had a clear vision of the general character of his administration. "The main thing that has to be remembered," he had said in a campaign interview, "is that the city is a service agency. Maybe it broke down because it lost that principle."

It can still be argued that the elec-

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tion came to White and made him. Two of the most important virtues to emerge from his administration—a continuing rapport with the large majority of Boston's Negroes and the extraordinary quality of White's staff—flow directly out of circumstances in the campaign that were beyond White's control. Running against Mrs. Hicks, White had both the need and the opportunity to gather up Negro votes as no white politician in Boston ever had before; equally, the key role of the massive Negro turnout in electing White gave Roxbury a powerful claim on the Mayor's attention. Had White's opponent been anyone other than Mrs. Hicks, the situation could have been entirely different.

In similar fashion, Mrs. Hicks helped gather White's key aides. As soon as the race narrowed to Hicks and White, he was deluged with offers of help. Richard N. Goodwin pitched in on speeches; Ted Kennedy quietly raised funds; Samuel P. Huntington, chairman of the government department at Harvard, assembled policy papers; Barney Frank quit his job at Harvard to direct White's campaign scheduling. White would not have sought or won any of these resources if the final race had been between himself and Logue. At the end of the campaign White was surrounded by a level of talent that he had never really known before. It was a revelation and a turning point for White; in the best sense, the exposure to talent spoiled him.

Some people like it, others do not, but the view is widely shared in Boston that Kevin White will be a candidate for Governor in 1970, a year before his mayoral term has expired. Volpe's move to Washington and the accession of Lieutenant Governor Francis W. Sargent to the Governor's office do not change the election schedule or greatly affect White's prospects. White's stock answer to questions on the subject is the puckish line Senator John F. Kennedy used about his own future: "I have a healthy sense of ambition. I'd like to channel it to the public good."

Among his staff and close friends, White speaks of an unalterable commitment to entering the Governor's race. This clearly opens him to a charge of opportunism, of having taken the Mayor's job half-heartedly, of trying to leave it prematurely. White defends himself coolly. The continuity of his own career and the development of his own "opportunities for service," he says, are a more important guide than the mayoralty's arbitrary term. In the preliminary phases of the campaign White used to argue with gusto against a variety of counselors who said that the Boston Mayor's office—like mayors' offices everywhere—was a dead end, better to be avoided. In a cold-blooded way he knew that he had to go for broke to save his career, but he was also convinced that city and state power had to work together.

Boston's survival, he argues, still depends on remedies of a metropolitan scale that will come only through state legislation; the abandonment of Boston's politics to contentedly provincial leaders would ultimately tear the state's capital and largest city apart. Right or wrong, Kevin White has never deceived himself about his goal: his forum is state government. He wants the governorship, and he wants to build a modern Democratic party in Massachusetts. Boston business leaders, worried about the chances of getting an acceptable successor, are pressing White to stay put. And of course it is always possible that he will run and lose.

In the meantime, Kevin White watches his city and his administration with rapidly alternating moods of accomplishment and disenchantment, uncertainty and exhilaration. Of himself,

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he has less and less doubt: "Every ambitious man approaches a critical point around age 40, when he discovers whether or not he really has what it takes to go all the way. I know now, in myself, that I have it. I may never go any further than Mayor of Boston, but I'm good at my business. There aren't 10 politicians in America who are as good at their jobs as I am."■

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Tea Leaves in the Sink

THE STORY OF GOVERNMENT GHOSTWRITERS

by James Boyd

"...an accumulation of stock phrases chokes him like tea leaves blocking a sink." —*George Orwell, in an essay called "Politics and the English Language."*

A generation ago, the ghostwriter was as unacknowledged as the hair-dyer and corseteer of today's public man. Like them, he felt honor-bound to conceal his handiwork. It was he whom F.D.R. had in mind when he urged upon his staff a "passion for anonymity." Even a decade later, Robert E. Sherwood described his writing chores in *Roosevelt and Hopkins* so mysteriously that the reader could only conclude that the Brain Trust served as a breathing thesaurus while Roosevelt did all the real writing. In those simpler days, ghostwriting seemed faintly dishonest; it smacked of deceit, plagiarism, impotence. Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy were in their heyday then, and statesmen were reluctant to invite comparisons. So it was kept under cover.

But the process, covert or overt, seemed to work. In time a virtual cult of the ghostwriter developed, and he ceased to be a ghost at all. He dropped his ectoplasm and became a speechwriter. Let a government pronouncement of any distinction be issued and the identity of its real author was sure to

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be broadcast. By 1956, John Emmett Hughes, one of Mr. Eisenhower's speechwriters, could give a speech he wrote himself at the Republican National Convention. The arrival of the staff literatus at Hyannisport, or Waverly, or The Ranch would set off ripples of speculation that an important announcement was imminent. When a speechwriter transferred allegiance from Johnson to McCarthy to Kennedy to Humphrey (or from Romney to Rockefeller to Nixon), it was heralded as a pivotal event. Ghostwriters were publicly dispatched to Annapolis to resuscitate a failing candidacy; they appeared on "Meet the Press" and "The Tonight Show"; no write-up of any politician was taken seriously unless it included a rundown of his scribes and their pedigrees. By some measurements, ghostwriters had achieved a gaudy success, and by the middle 1960's hundreds of them were at work throughout government and politics.

But this apparent success was illusory. The great machine ground out thousands of statements a day, but fewer

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people were listening. Growing numbers complained of an oppressive dreariness, a terrible sameness, a frustrating indirectness in political language at all levels. Scholars lamented that our corporately produced public papers could not stand comparison with those of the do-it-yourself eras of Jefferson, Lincoln, or Wilson. Bored reporters coined derisive epithets for the stock quotes they nonetheless filed—such as BOMFOG, for Nelson Rockefeller's brotherhood-of-man-fatherhood-of-God orations. The college generation declared that it could no longer believe anything a public figure said. From all sides came the discouraging taunt, "Tell it like it is." Instead of a new rapport between the political establishment and the people, there was a breakdown in communication.

It would be overstating things to hold ghostwriting responsible for the "credibility gap" and its heritage of cynicism; policy blunders and simple lying had too much to do with it. But certainly the process by which we produce our public statements has played a part. So I suggest a look at that process.

Ghostwriting is an ancient accommodation, originating in the circumstance that men of action, fame, wealth or power are not always gifted as thinkers and writers. This dichotomy is reenforced in the modern era by the universal speed-up. The public man today is the hub of a complex, rotating machine; he cannot withdraw for a week to define his thoughts lest that machine come shuddering to a halt. Or so he thinks. Moreover, he is at once both the prisoner and the exploiter of revolutionary advances in communications and transportation. The media have an insatiable appetite for pronouncements; the jets place almost any platform within reach; and such is the daily flood of news that most impressions on the public are transient and quickly superseded. The public man must be heard often, he must compete every day, or he will be forgotten by the voters and outdistanced by rivals. So he must have writers. Ghostwriting, then, is an expedient born long ago in the literary deficiencies of captains and kings and proliferated in our day by a sort of creeping insanity.

The ghostwriter's first dilemma is that he must operate under the rules of politics, not literature, and the two are often at cross purposes; for the artifices of politics-as-usual are perpetually at war with honest expression. To illustrate, I draw

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the following contrast, acknowledging that it applies only *much* of the time, not all of the time.

The outside writer on public affairs chooses his subject, and perseveres in it, because it grips his imagination. He feels he has something new and provocative to say. He seeks to draw hard distinctions, to debunk popular illusions, to challenge some aspect of the reigning orthodoxy. He does not hesitate to violate taboos. He follows his view of the truth to its logical conclusion, even though the result may shock the public, anger the majority, embarrass his family, offend his friends. Though he writes for a living, he would think it a betrayal to adopt a stance merely for personal gain, or to soften or harden his judgments in deference to the prejudices of his public; and should he do so, his literary colleagues would scorn him. In short, the outside writer is a free agent whose role is to reveal and confront.

No attitude could be further estranged from that of the archetypal politician. At times a transcendent issue may impel him to rise above his normal pursuits, but usually he selects a topic because it is in his interest to be heard on it, or to support a particular side of it. He instinctively recoils from the new or provocative, since he wins favor by intoning the familiar and the accepted. He cultivates support from as many factions as possible and so he blurs differences and plays down distinctions. He does not seek to destroy prevailing illusions; he seeks to identify with them. He observes the taboos and scrupulously conforms to any number of orthodoxies—political, regional, ethnic, religious, group. His dedication to the truth is qualified, as he will admit to intimates (even the estimable Senator Fulbright has confessed that his objectivity stops at cotton and rice, and he might have added civil rights). He will not knowingly anger the many, or even the few, unless those few are either remote from his constituency or necessary casualties of his courtship of the many. He chooses his positions on gut issues expressly to advance his personal career; he habitually tailors his judgments to the prepossessions of his audience; and his political colleagues would brand him a fool if he did not. In short, he is a juggler of conflicting interests, perhaps preordained to be so by the democratic system, and so he seeks as much to conceal and evade as to reveal and confront.

The goals of politics—to compromise, fuse, placate, reconcile, bargain, accomplish—are sometimes higher or broader than the goals of literature; but the goals are different, and it

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takes a remarkably gifted and honest politician to bridge he chasm.

Our typical ghostwriter, then, is restricted from the start by the hobbles and blinkers of politics, and to these are added the limitations peculiar to his craft.

Even in its rudimentary form, in which the great man's prose is drafted by one close confidant, ghostwriting is fraught with difficulties. It inclines to be wooden because it expresses, not first person insights and convictions, but secondhand approximations. It lacks individuality, for it is not self-expression. It is usually tepid; there is an inherent caution forced upon one who is only anticipating another. It is often superficial—a hurried response to an artificial need, such as the arbitrary demands of a speaking tour schedule. And it is hackneyed; the writer, subordinate, uncertain, lacking personal experience and a sense of authority, relies on the stock phrases of others. (During the Vietnam debate at the 1968 Democratic National Convention, identical literary allusions appeared in a number of the pro-Administration speeches, only to be repeated the following night in Humphrey's acceptance speech.)

These traditional difficulties of ghostwriting have lately been compounded by its institutionalization. It is no longer a one-to-one relationship; it has been committeeized and bureaucratized.

As a CBS documentary pointed out last year, ghostwriters in the more "efficient" political campaigns avoid the candidate and work directly with the pollsters and ad men. Together they not only tell the candidate what to say; they tell his wife what to wear.

Some government agencies actually let out contracts for speeches on the open market. The free-lancer applies through channels, gets his assignment from someone's assistant, and at the appointed time delivers the required number of pages. Then he applies for another contract with some other bureau. He need not confer with, or even meet, the officials who deliver his speeches.

The public man important or wealthy enough to command a large payroll often employs a whole stable of speechwriters. This creates an administrative problem which he solves by hiring an editor-in-chief, who gives the writers their assignments and edits their drafts, relieving the boss of his former role and removing him one step further from the process.

Dismaying as this system is, frightening as are its

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implications, it might still be redeemable if the public man regarded his processed drafts not as the end product but as only a beginning, to be reshaped by him into his own thought and word. But today's Governor or Senator considers himself too busy to labor over words, busier than the wartime President who struggled through six handwritten drafts of the Gettysburg Address. He inhales, early in his career, the narcotic of having his writing done by someone else and becomes progressively hooked on it. As soon as the user has formed the habit, his most precious faculty as a public man—the capacity to define and articulate a public philosophy—is in danger of atrophy.

George Orwell, writing on the deliberate imprecision of political language, used this image to demonstrate the cyclical way in which an effect can become a cause:

"A man may take to drink because he feels himself to be a failure, and then fail all the more because he drinks. It is rather the same thing that is happening to the English language. It becomes ugly and inaccurate because our thoughts are foolish, but the slovenliness of our language makes it easier for us to have foolish thoughts."

Such a cycle is familiar to those who have worked in a variety of ghostwriting situations. At first there is intense collaboration and revision between the writer and his boss. But as the boss grows dependent on (and accustomed to) his writers, he loses stomach for the arduous regimen of composition. His instructions diminish to a few minutes of inspirational conversation, which he persuades himself is the heart of the drafting process. His editing declines to the softening of a phrase here, the adding of a clause there, minor changes of syntax made with a flourish. In a final pretense of positive participation, he will take to fetishes—adding semi-colons or dashes at peculiar places or making every second sentence a new paragraph. At the end, we have the situation so well described by David S. Broder (*The Washington Monthly,* February, 1969): the speechwriter on the campaign plane, typing out copy for a waiting press, and distributing it before the candidate has even seen it.

Thus—manufactured communication between the government and its citizens.

The state of our national letters is more than a matter of artistic concern. It reflects the degree of clarity, coherence, and vision in public policy. It is an index of the candor, the comprehension,

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and hence the consent that exists between the government and the people. Democracy lives by words. Debate followed by majority decision—that is its operating principle. Manufactured communication poses obvious dangers. It tends to render the public dialogue artificial, to reduce it to propaganda, to banish trust, and thus to pollute our decision-making process.

There is another danger. The preparation of speeches and papers is the public man's education. It is the continuing means by which he evolves and distills his experience into a philosophy, enlarges his capacity for conceptual thought, and develops the powers of expression without which he cannot effectively lead.

"What's the difference," today's statesman will say of ghostwriters, "so long as I tell them what I want and they shape it up and put the feathers on it?"

The difference is that he cannot know what he really wants until he submits his first impressions to the hard discipline of contemplation.

Editors know that the completed book will bear little resemblance to the outline first submitted by the author. In between, there will be a rethinking, an evolution, an ironing out of inconsistencies, a new direction. This pattern of discovery and growth cannot occur when a speech is hurriedly group-fabricated to fit the boss's initial notions. Nor can a thousand such exercises develop a political wiseman.

Well-programmed with answers to surface questions, our typical official is hard-pressed to relate these answers to a philosophy, as any devotee of the Sunday interview programs will acknowledge. His idiom reflects his uncertainty. He says, "I would hope that I could." He does not say, "I will." Though he may have been in politics for 25 years, he hasn't made up his mind whether he is a liberal or a conservative, or what wing of his party he is in. He is just a "common, garden variety" Republican or Democrat, he says. He seeks to make a virtue of his disarray. He boasts that he is not "doctrinaire." He "deplores labels."

This ambivalence, this incapacity to synthesize the parts into a consistent whole, has characterized our national misadventures, from the urban catastrophe to Vietnam. We see it again in the evolution of the bi-partisan, multi-billion-dollar ABM program, for which a new justification is offered as each old one is shot down. One cannot be sure, of course, that the present confusion would not have developed even if our leaders had

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been obliged to agonize through their own policy statements, instead of having them painlessly served up by a succession of hired hands; but one cannot help feeling that the confusion would be diminished.

The speeches Churchill wrote himself run to 18 volumes; the papers of Lincoln to 14. And it is in these books that we find their training ground, the growth of their powers of reason and persuasion, the metamorphosis of their statecraft, the foundation stones of their resoluteness in crisis; in short, their character and greatness. How wise and resolute can the statesman be whose preparation rests on the quicksand of ghosted research and committee minutes?

All of us sense at times that the quality and liberty of modern life is threatened by a universal phenomenon: the displacement of human relationships by impersonal processes that develop autonomous lives of their own and grow beyond the control of anyone—as, for instance, the bureaucracy, or the military, or the intelligence agencies have grown beyond the control of our elected representatives.

Ghostwriting has existed for centuries, but as an informal, personal relationship. Now it is a bureaucratically entrenched institution, adding yet another layer of obfuscation and impersonality between the citizen and the process that rules him. If on some morrow we were to discover that our elected representatives were speaking to us in words ciphered by computers, it would strike home that something dear to self-government had vanished. It is only a difference of degree that public statements today are written by advertising agencies and pools of rented brains.

Can anything be done to reverse the trend? One thinks of Adlai Stevenson in the 1952 campaign. He is bent over the night table in a hotel room at 3:00 a.m., rewriting the ghosted drafts of the coming day's speeches. His staff is frustrated to the point of despair. Because of this interminable revising, the Candidate is gray and exhausted, the news deadlines have all been missed, the personal appearance schedule is in hopeless disarray, the local pols are grumbling, the fund-raising has collapsed, the campaign is a shambles. But he scribbles on; it is important, he insists, that what he says to the people be genuine, authentic, his.

Was this futile or sublime? There are some who see glory in it; some who fear for a society whose campaigns are on

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time but whose dialogue is worn; some who sense that democracy without the politician-philosopher-teacher can have no vision and no future.

They do not contend for the abolition of ghostwriting, only that it be reduced from a corporate process to a human relationship; that a sense of ethics and restraint be imposed upon it, so it might fulfill its valid purpose of *assisting* the public man to fashion his ideas, rather than relieving him of the obligation and, ultimately, the capacity to do so.

Such a reform may still be possible; it might even be indispensable to the aspiring leader. The drab uniformity of processed communication has created a thirst for eloquence, for individuality, for signs of personal thought and inner life. The defeated Stevenson of 1952 would probably have been irresistible in 1968.

At least Mr. Nixon seems to think so. He let it be known that he wrote his own Inaugural and that he regularly goes into seclusion with pencils and long, yellow pad. He has dismantled the apparatus of teleprompters and trick mirrors that characterized the public appearances of President Johnson. He frequently speaks without a text. True, there has not been any discernible revival of the national letters since January 20, but Edmund Burkes are not hatched overnight. Certainly, there *has* been a revival of Mr. Nixon's credibility.

Now, all this may be only tactical. Mr. Nixon's 1968 campaign, after all, represented a high-water mark in packaging and gimmickry. He has a large staff of ghosts and an editor-in-chief, James Keogh, formerly of *Time*. And his motive may be only that, having in the past been labelled a phony, he is determined to disprove that label by sweeping away all visible trappings of artificiality.

But no matter. Reform comes strangely and is more enduring when based on utilitarian rather than romantic premises. The example is the thing. If the President can partially free himself from the cult of the ghostwriter and finds it in his interest to do so, public men in lesser places will lose all justification for their own thralldom and begin to grow uneasy. Busy and hard-pressed though they are, they will see that they *can* get off the treadmill. They *can* cultivate periods of silence. They *can* reorder their priorities so that they work more with their writers, edit their drafts rigorously, and sometimes write important speeches solo. They *can* begin to educate themselves for high service. They can; and a disgruntled public is trying to tell them they must.■

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The Concept: An Answer to Addiction? NEW YORK CITY'S ATTEMPT TO TREAT DRUG ADDICTION THROUGH EXISTENTIAL ENCOUNTER

by Meridan Bennett

Imaginative new programs that fly in the face of professional orthodoxy or the self-interest of established public officials rarely stay airborne for very long, even if they are lucky enough to get off the ground in the first place. Yet one such has not only survived in America's most complex city; it has somehow managed to grow. Given the paucity of successful new approaches to urban problems—especially in New York—the story of how that program made the grade is worth the telling.

Let us start with three items:

• It is commonly assumed that half of the heroin addicts in the United States live in New York City. No one I have talked to doubts this assumption about Fun City. The total number of heroin addicts in New York is estimated to be between 50,000 and 100,000, although no one knows for sure.

• If you want to see what heroin addiction looks like, stroll down New York's East Third Street between Avenues C and D at nine o'clock some spring

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morning and watch the junkies nodding from their morning fix. Or try Lexington Avenue around 110th Street. You can read about the effects any day in the papers: a mugging in Central Park, unprovoked violence accompanying a purse snatch. Last year a resident of Spanish Harlem described to me how he heard an automobile crash outside his apartment one evening. From his window he watched the junkies on the block descend on the injured occupants to strip their rings, purses, and wallets. An ambulance came and removed the injured. Before it was out of sight, the junkies swooped down and began stripping the car.

• When John V. Lindsay ran for mayor of New York in 1965, he issued a White Paper on narcotics addiction. It said: "Addicts are responsible for almost half the serious misdemeanors in New York City and about 20 per cent of all felonies against property." Lindsay's position recognized, however, that the problem went beyond law and order:

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"Arrest and punishment have not solved addiction; there is nothing in our experience to indicate that they will succeed in the future." He pledged himself to an all-out attack, a comprehensive city program that would not only step up law enforcement but tackle prevention and rehabilitation as well.

Mayor Lindsay moved rapidly after his election. By April, 1966, he had installed as coordinator for all addiction programs in the city one of the least orthodox addiction experts to be found anywhere: Dr. Efren Ramirez, now 38, a psychiatrist from Puerto Rico who had created an anti-addiction experiment that was reported to have produced promising results.

The experiment, begun a few years earlier, reported relapse rates among its patients that were so low as to be unbelievable—in the range of 10 per cent, which was somewhere near the *cure* rates being achieved by other methods.

Rather than concentrating on the medical aspects of heroin addiction, the usual procedure, Ramirez and his staff were putting addicts through a period of what they called "induction," aimed at creating in the addicts a self-help attitude toward their problems. Then, after a short withdrawal period, the addicts entered an extended period of group therapy featuring intense attitudinal confrontation among themselves. Ramirez would participate in these sessions with the addicts as a peer; his main role was in challenging them to do something about their self-destructive behavior. This period, which could mean a year or more of voluntary residence in the hospital, was followed by a final stage in which the now drug-free patients learned how to re-enter the society and environment in which they had acquired their addiction. Of 124 addicts who passed through this final phase prior to 1965, only seven went back to the drug scene. It was upon this record that Ramirez based his "cure rate" figure of 94 per cent.

The interesting feature of the Puerto Rico program was that the patients themselves—addicts in the process of breaking free from drugs—ran the show. They did their own chores, policed the ward against drug use, and, as they progressed in their treatment, began to take over the conduct of the group therapy sessions. In addition, Ramirez added another feature—a prevention program located out in the high endemic areas of drug addiction in San Juan. Ex-addicts in the final phases of re-entry were stationed in store-front community centers, where they mobilized parents and friends of addicts to fight drug addiction.

Given the practices of the New York City establishment toward down-and-outers—at best, herding them through various types of custodial institutions; at worst, plastering Band-Aids over the running social sores of the city—the self-help, non-professional approach of Dr. Ramirez was bound to produce shock waves. Lindsay's clear risks in appointing him compounded when Ramirez arrived in New York and began to sound as if he intended to take over the whole city.

The goal of the program Ramirez began putting together was nothing less than a restructuring of character—the character of a foundering society and of its helpless citizens. He spoke glowingly of getting 5,000 addicts into treatment in the first 12 months, 25,000 a few years later. He mentioned a budget of $100 million. Not only was he planning a rehabilitation program for addicts, but also a prevention network which would change the underlying conditions in society that cause drug addiction: alien-

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ation, powerlessness, violence, and impoverished living.

Dr. Efren Ramirez is a roundish, sideburned man with a faintly Latin way of speaking. He has so secure a sense of himself that you would hesitate to take him for a psychiatrist. "I am an existentialist," he says without hesitation. "This is my position. This is my stand."

While some existentialists may practice their philosophy in private, like a secret vice, Ramirez has always sought to make of his a public concern. In the culture of city bureaucracy it is difficult to imagine a larger act of flamboyance than having such a man, a complete outsider, move in on New York and announce a program that was plainly intended to carve a huge new empire out of the choice meat of other established bureaus.

As coordinator of addiction programs, Ramirez took jurisdiction over much of the funding of many private drug-addiction programs, running all the way from street-corner tambourine revivals to sophisticated experiments in the city's hospitals and universities. Ramirez brushed off most of them, unless they prostrated themselves before his methods. A year and a half after his arrival in the city, when Mayor Lindsay created the Addiction Services Agency and installed Ramirez as its commissioner, his exclusion of doctrinal infidels continued and intensified. Late in 1968, two and a half years after Ramirez burst upon the scene, his Addiction Services Agency was a going concern with a life of its own. It was, indeed, a flamboyant success in flouting the taboos of bureaucracy. It had failed, however, to come anywhere near fulfilling the expansive goals which Ramirez had set in 1966. With teachers, garbagemen, cops, firemen, and minority groups all staging their own guerrilla wars, Lindsay scarcely needed the legions of enemies that Ramirez had created among the bureaucracy and the healing professions, or among the chilled politicians whose egos the psychiatrist steadfastly refused to massage.

Even less did Lindsay need the scandal-creating potential of a resignation by one of his commissioners. But that is precisely what Ramirez did at the end of last year. He bounced out of the job as jauntily as he had bounced into it. He said he was quitting to enter private practice. He refused to acknowledge that he'd been kicked around. The resignation was his own choice, he said, and his existentialist's bag of tricks remained intact. He said he had wanted to design a program that could not only deal effectively with the heroin problem but turn a faltering city around as well.

"Aha!" he said in an interview, "but I'm an architect. My job is to establish the clinical feasibility of the program. I have no talent or interest in the politics of it."

This statement might do as an epitaph for Ramirez's service in city government. The agency he created, however, is far from dead. Despite the criticism of ASA set off by Ramirez's sudden departure—its chief critics being other narcotics professionals and Democrats who want their own turn in Gracie Mansion—the agency is not only still in business but has secured funds to the tune of about $12 million for the next year. A new commissioner has been named—the one man who could keep the thing together: Larry Bear, an administrative whiz who served as Ramirez's deputy and tried to keep the architect from building himself into a closet.

Lindsay has reaffirmed his support of ASA's sweeping goals, which still remain intact. The agency has not been co-opted by the heavily professionalized Health Services Administra-

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tion; it remains under the city's embattled Human Resources Administration, where it can operate with greater flexibility.

Ramirez created something that was not there before and which, as we shall presently see, may be of considerable value. Judging Ramirez by his own existential values—his willingness to take responsibility for his actions—we must grant him credit for the existence of ASA. At the same time he is also responsible for his major weakness—a towering vanity which caused him to prefer the company of sycophants and to neglect almost entirely any meaningful research on his program out of fear that it would reveal flaws or failure. Despite the fact that vigorous existential confrontation was the mainstay of his program—not only in the cure of addicts but in staff operations as well—he was notoriously unable to accept or profit by confrontation himself. Most of his staff, who are vigorously anti-sycophantic, mentioned this curious weakness in my discussions with them.

The ultimate confrontation for Ramirez came just before he resigned. Unable to resolve bitter divisions between the rehabilitation and prevention sides of his agency, he embarked on a wild reorganization plan; but before it was fully implemented, he re-reorganized it back into something like its earlier shape. Through it all Ramirez preserved his image as high priest of existential confrontation among his rapidly growing staff. He proved that he had trained them well in confrontation, perhaps even too well. They began to confront him on the question of his anti-political, vain behavior. In a February issue of *The Village Voice*, Mary Breasted wrote this apt description of Ramirez's departure: "It was this fond but critical staff which eventually encouraged Ramirez to resign. Sometime last fall the top ASA staff confronted Ramirez with his shortcomings in an 'executive encounter group.' They told him...that he was behaving as if he unconsciously did not want to be commissioner."

Mayor Lindsay could well have done without having to pay the political costs of having a commissioner with no talent for, or interest in, the politics of what he was running. However, in several short years ASA has become a potent enough force in New York so that the cost was worth it. Despite Ramirez's bad relations with New York's blacks, and his none too cordial relations with the city's Puerto Ricans, despite the ammunition he gave to Lindsay's political opposition, the dynamism of the anti-addiction program and its outreach into all the city's boroughs make it one of Lindsay's few hopeful signs in a season of despair.

The Concept

I remember reading, a number of years ago, Jean Cocteau's book, *Opium: The Diary of a Cure*. In it, among Cocteau's many addict's cop-outs, was a considerable kernel of truth: the doctors who cure opium addiction do not seek to deal with the troubles which first caused the addiction. Up until very recently, curing drug addiction did just that. It provided medical assistance during withdrawal, hospital care for a time while psychiatric evaluation was made, and then a ticket home.

The alternative to this type of treatment, of course, has always been the lock-up and cold turkey. Neither has produced lasting cures. Both feed the public's illusion that junkies are incurable—an illusion which the junkie himself usually peddles to anyone who will listen. The programs that follow the medical approach to addiction—the U.S. Public Health facilities at Fort Worth and Lexington are the outstand-

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ing examples—are completely staffed and operated by professionals. Thus they are very costly. Their concept of cure avoids facing the addict's most seductive manipulation: getting the monkey off his back temporarily so that he can go back to his habit at a vastly lowered cost. Most healers accept this manipulation. It gives them a good feeling of having cured someone. They don't have to witness the addict going into his next phase: re-addiction.

Traditional psychiatry and clinical psychology, when used with heroin addicts, have usually failed. The addict's only motivation seems to be a perverse determination to con his healer rather than to get well. Psychiatrists tend to turn off under such professional frustration—or blow their cool entirely. The addict, in fact, is incapable of the emotional response required by the standard practice of psychiatry. He can only produce simulated responses for the purpose of manipulation. This is the basic clue to the addict's problem: somewhere in his development his character has been distorted.

No one seemed to know what to do about it. In the 1960's the problem began to acquire a quality of utter desperation as the newer dangerous drugs, such as LSD, made their appearance. As late as 1962 a Kennedy-sponsored White House conference of the leading professionals in the field produced only despair or excuses—lack of money, lack of research, lack of public concern—about their inability to cure the heroin addict.

Behind the despair, as so often happens, new solutions were being tried by laymen—ex-addicts, frustrated probation officers, priests, jailbirds—sometimes working together with medical men, often not. These people began describing the addict in new terms. They did not doubt the presence of some medical problems in the addict. They could agree that the addict was responsible for his own social behavior before the law and his fellow men. But they insisted that the primary cause of addiction was the dominance in the addict's character of a set of destructive, negative attitudes—an inability to respond to the stimuli which, in more normal characters, produce growth. Ramirez's project in Puerto Rico was one manifestation of this view of the addict.

In California, a group of ex-addicts built themselves a therapeutic community and proved unequivocally that heroin users are capable of "regrowth" into positive, responsive characters. The community, called Synanon, was started by a reformed drunk, Chuck Dederich, who believed strongly that standard health professionals could play no role in addiction cures. He felt that leadership positions ought to go to those who had earned them in two ways: by shaking their addictive life patterns and by adopting a direct and open relationship with others. Synanon believes that what matters most is a sternly ideal community, a family, in which performance establishes hierarchy and upward mobility. There is a strong emphasis in Synanon on games and devices to simulate reality. Undoubtedly it works in curing character disorders. Synanon believes that the world from which addicts come is too devious and destructive to re-enter; thus today there are Synanon jobs in Synanon organizations waiting for Synanon graduates. Dederich and company firmly refuse public funds, preferring to finance their own campaigns.

Given the short supply of trained ex-addicts, it was fortunate for drug users elsewhere that not every Synanon graduate found happiness in the self-contained environment there. One such defector, Dave Deitch, teamed up with Dr. Daniel Casriel, a psychiatrist who

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had tried the methods being used in California, in setting up Daytop Village in Manhattan. It was a new therapeutic community in which the addicts ran the show, with occasional visits from Dr. Casriel. It adopted Synanonistic approaches: encounter therapy sessions in which groups of addicts participated in superheated bull sessions; a firm family structure to foster love and responsibility; lectures and seminars designed to stimulate intellectual growth. The National Institute of Mental Health provided money. The project opened three units around town—plus one in New Haven—and began producing ex-addicts, that essential seed capital for opening other outposts. Daytop went beyond: it began explaining what this new approach to addiction cure was all about to a wide audience of unaddicted "squares." In 1968 it opened "The Concept," an off-Broadway production staged by Daytop residents.

"The Concept" became one of the season's great successes. It was simply an encounter therapy session (with deadly honest confrontations of the participants' attitudes) done in the midst of an audience. The experience on stage was the real experience of real people fighting to conquer the bad aspects of their real lives. Audiences came away having experienced the therapeutic power of love. The production's title, "The Concept," referred to the method and philosophy used at Daytop for tackling what may be our century's most perplexing problem: how to bring about rapid personal and social change before it's too late.

There have been other small efforts, some begun much earlier. For example, the Black Muslims conducted a rehabilitation and re-entry program in prison, described by Malcolm X in his *Autobiography*. Always in such programs there is a mechanism for helping an addict revise his view of himself, to begin viewing his situation as one that he himself can change. In effect, The Concept began breaking out in strange places simultaneously.

Its appearance in the official policy of Mayor Lindsay's administration in New York must certainly be one of the strangest of all. This appearance of Concept thinking as the cornerstone of ASA may mark the first time that local or national government has treated *with love* a problem traditionally regarded as medical or criminal.

When Ramirez talks about how The Concept developed for him, he mentions Camus, Jaspers, Sartre, Rollo R. May, Maxwell S. Jones—names which represent a confluence between existential philosophy and psychiatry. There are, of course, many ways of stating The Concept, from St. Matthew's parable of the talents ("to him that has shall be given...") to Bob Dylan ("You'd better start swimmin'/Or you'll sink like a stone/For the times they are a-changin'..."). The message, whatever the medium, is that there is no substitute for confronting one's total reality. It is the only way to become more human. To do nothing about one's situation is to become thing-like.

Inside ASA

ASA's two operating divisions, Prevention and Rehabilitation, are the backbone of the agency. Both operate on The Concept, which means that their programs follow the three sequential steps: induction, attitude change in encounter groups, and then an action program out in the community.

The Rehabilitation Division is headed by a young psychiatrist, Dr. Mitchell Rosenthal, who had previously established a therapeutic community along Synanon lines in the ward of the U.S. Naval Hospital in Oakland. When Rosenthal came to ASA, he brought with him three ex-addicts who left the closed

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Dr. Ramirez Describes The Concept

"The Concept is this: to provide total rehabilitation for an individual in an existential context by challenging that which is positive and normal in him so that he can overcome that which is distorted and sick in his own personality. Addiction, a way of life, is simply a symptom. Dealing with the drug problem itself is only one facet of dealing with the larger trouble.

"Those doing treatment find that the allied problems—the social, economic, legal problems—are so hopelessly complicated that no one can begin to take care of all of them for the addict. We have to get the patient to become our ally (his own, actually). The purpose is to help the junkie become his own therapist. This is done by challenging his healthy responses, to get him to take responsibility for his own acts.

"Attitudes, in my way of thinking, are very crucial. Temperament you inherit. What happens to you after birth—that's what creates your character. Character you acquire out of the building blocks of attitudes. Attitudes are changeable, modifiable, and sometimes reversible. In the case of character disorder, which is the illness an addict suffers from, you have an imbalance. You have a few strong attitudes, and many negative ones, with sickness resulting. In a person with a weak character you have an abnormal set of attitudes: that's a basic definition of what character disorder is.

"Attitudinal modification in a therapeutic community, then, has to apply itself to two points: first, strengthen those attitudes which are positive and productive, such as motivation to be cured, capacity to feel concerned, capacity to be open to understanding about the demands of the situation. Second, the therapeutic environment has to diminish and dampen the negative attitudes—the distorted attitudes—such as hostility, conniving, lack of responsibility, shallow affections.

"To increase the positive requires such things as readings, discussions, seminars, a variety of occupational therapy and work and social activities. To deal with negative attitudes I developed a group technique—the encounter—in which patients are confronted individually or in groups on the negative attitudes they display. It is not supportive therapy. It is designed to be specific and hitting the negative aspects of behavior, and thus the attitudes lying beneath."

"I found very early that I myself couldn't help these groups unless I was willing to be open to the same kind of confrontation. I did open myself. The experience became a therapeutic encounter between functional peers, in which even the therapist, be he psychologist or addict or whatever, has to come down to the level of the patient. He has to open himself up; we are all human beings and have negative attitudes, and if we want to grow we have no alternatives but to confront those attitudes.

"At about that time [in Puerto Rico, 1962] I heard of Synanon. One of the things that struck me most dramatically in Dr. Casriel's book about it was the fact that the therapeutic community, if left by itself, would isolate itself from society. There were clear indications that Synanon people were setting up another 'Synanon' society, like an implosion. The philosophical beginnings of my program in Puerto Rico were exactly the opposite. The purpose of rehabilitation is not just to provide an isolation capsule but to enable more and more individuals to go back into the stream of life, change it, relate to it, and adjust to it as productive people."

—Dr. Efren Ramirez, December 13, 1968

environment of Synanon: Hollis (Candy) Latson, Gary Guttierre, and Frank Natale. These four took what already existed in the way of a rehabilitation program—a small group of addicts working together to kick their habit in a West

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85th Street slum building they called "Phoenix House"—and created a program that now includes nine Phoenix Houses scattered around the city. A re-entry program for those who have successfully passed through the therapeutic stage has since been added.

Addicts arrive at the Phoenix Houses either by voluntarily committing themselves or by choosing a three-year commitment from the courts under a New York state law which, for drug-related crimes, provides that option as an alternative to a prison term. But before entering a Phoenix House, each addict must pass through an induction process which introduces him to the encounter technique. It is here that he must make his first decisions to rehabilitate himself. Induction centers, located out in high-addiction areas of the city, are manned by trained, ex-addict ASA staff members who are products of The Concept and who have been hired under an unusual new civil-service classification which ASA convinced the city to adopt: Addiction Specialist.

Practitioners of The Concept stress their belief that only an ex-addict can talk meaningfully of personal change to a using dope fiend (their term), pierce all his deceptions and self-pity, and challenge him to grow. Only an ex-addict can communicate his belief in a heroin user's ability to kick and stay kicked. When an addict, in his contacts with the ASA addiction specialist, begins to show that he believes he can do something about his self-destructive behavior, he is either admitted to a day-care center or a hospital ward for "detoxification"—going off the drug—or directly to a Phoenix House. Increasingly, ASA is pursuing the latter course. Kicking the habit, one ex-addict told me, is greatly over-dramatized. "We can handle it here [in the Phoenix House]—it's no worse than a case of the Hong Kong flu."

In the Phoenix House the addict must adhere to two basic rules: no violence and no chemicals. The residents enforce both, aided in the latter case by weekly urine tests to discover traces of heroin. The residents permit no slacking off in the work of running the house, which means that labor is carefully divided among everyone. By showing his ability to clean the latrines, the postulant is allowed to move up to more responsible tasks, until he eventually participates in the management and administration of the Phoenix House. This, of course, is part of the therapy. Each house is nearly self-supporting, since the addicts' welfare checks are pooled to provide funds.

Other therapeutic measures are thrice-weekly group encounter sessions in which all pretense is stripped bare and the residents show each other where they are failing to function as members of their new "family." There are periodic marathon encounters, running to several days without surcease, in which the participants intensify the process of piercing the masks of bravado and deception.

Occasionally the residents administer a device called a "haircut" to break through a particularly hard shell of habit which one of their number has built up around himself as an addict. The haircut is a period of complete isolation; the other residents act as if the subject is not there. He becomes again what he was on the outside—a non-person. A final tool in therapy is the daily seminar on a subject of the residents' own choosing. They hear outstanding public figures as well as highly controversial issues; the purpose is to provide intellectual development to match the emotional maturing.

My purely subjective measure of the effect of rehabilitation in Phoenix

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Houses is that each time I visit one I instantly feel a quality of love in the atmosphere: order, honesty, lack of obsequiousness, and a complete acceptance of me as a person. Other squares have made the same observation about their visits.

The final stage of rehabilitation, called re-entry, comes when the resident graduates from what may have been a year or more of therapy in a Phoenix House. The re-entry candidate must pass a special ASA board which can certify him as being cured of his addiction. Each step is more stress-producing than the last. He starts by working as an aide in the ward where newly-arriving addicts are detoxifying; he proceeds to making confrontations to the partially-committed addicts in day-care centers. He then works as an assistant group therapist in a Phoenix House, challenging residents on their personal growth. Finally, he moves back to the street, to one of ASA's community centers in a high-addiction neighborhood. There he phases into the job of running the place, which means contact again with the junkies and the ever-present pusher. Ultimately, he may leave. Some ex-addicts join ASA as addiction specialists. Those who do become temporarily certified by the board go off welfare and reimburse the program for the costs of their keep. Although ASA employment is not mandatory for an emerging ex-addict, at this early date it appears that that is what he wants.

Prevention—both as a division with ASA and as a goal of the program—is the other part of the Ramirez dream. It is the part which has to do with turning around a whole society. It is a network of contacts with citizens of all sorts, ranging from 12-year-old glue sniffers to black matriarchs in Bedford-Stuyvesant.

Martin Kotler, once the proprietor of a nursery school and more recently the deputy director of the whole New York City poverty program, runs Prevention. He does so with the dogged energy yet worried eyes of a man who has long since learned that those who operate programs with largely unmeasurable results can quickly become politically expendable. His assistant, Jack Rosenblum, an ex-Peace Corps volunteer, complements Kotler's tough-guy facade ("Now that we've finished with the love-and-affection crap, let's get to work....") by trying to see that the emotional values are maintained in the elusive work of making New York citizens into effective agents of change. Together the two have put together an array of programs designed to change the environment in which addiction thrives. Kotler's staff of department heads reflects the unique philosophy of ASA toward community action: only those who are personally committed to changing themselves are qualified to set about changing others. Needless to say, little academic or professional training is available to help one attain the qualifications to work in the prevention of addiction. It must certainly be recorded as an outstanding first in the history of city government that ASA not only has mounted a comprehensive addiction prevention program, but has built and trained a staff to do it.

Prevention's program runs all the way from juvenile encounter groups—in which youngsters on the threshhold of drugs are rounded up by referrals from schools, parents, and the courts—to scattered community action organizations whose chief concern is to make the city a livable place. Special groups of relatives and employers of addicts learn how their own attitudes may have fostered addiction and what

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they can do about it. One of the most useful things an addict's parent can do, in ASA's view, is to throw him out of the house and thus bring him face to face with the consequences of his own actions.

Since Prevention's contacts are primarily in the streets, its program uses ex-addicts coming out of the system to run community centers. Such centers serve double duty. Not only are junkies inducted into treatment there; the centers also induct non-addicts into the many prevention activities of the agency as well. Thus the ASA community orientation center, as it is called, has become the headquarters for all sorts of contacts—school teachers, welfare workers, settlement house workers—whose assistance ASA seeks in preventing addiction.

The Prevention Division is also the home of attitudinal skills training (AST), the technique of commitment to interpersonal involvement which so characterizes the agency's approach to problem-solving. AST is open to the public through citizens' prevention groups throughout the city. It is mandatory for all ASA staff. It consists of three hours of general orientation (the induction period), followed by 16 hours of intensive training in how to confront oneself and others with a belief in the human potential for growth. One staff member calls it "a psychological can opener." It is the non-addict's mini-version of what goes on in a Phoenix House.

ASA employees use such techniques in their weekly staff encounter, a hallowed and highly useful ASA innovation in which internal dissensions, doubts and ambition are dealt with directly, without regard to rank. Each division holds its own staff encounter. I attended a number of them and became convinced that the whole brawling procedure has immense value in keeping an organization running efficiently. It is a way of liquidating hostilities before they threaten to impair effectiveness in the office; it is also a way to tackle directly an employee's poor performance on the job—to challenge him to improve or get out.

Accomplishments and Some Problems

Ramirez's blue-sky talk in the early days of the agency undoubtedly hurt ASA politically and will continue to hurt. Nonetheless ASA has accomplished a great deal. Lindsay will run on it—perhaps use it to defend his Human Resources Administration.

Whereas three years ago there was no city drug program, beyond a shaky group of voluntary agencies getting city help, today, besides the voluntary agencies, there are 55 ASA centers in various parts of town devoted to preventing and curing addiction—all placed there by a deliberate city policy to confront one of its worst problems. ASA has 500 addicts off drugs and in treatment in its therapeutic communities, and another 700 in induction. Already the first dribble is coming out of the other end of the pipeline: 72 ex-addicts are in the re-entry program and doing vital work in both Prevention and Rehabilitation.

Addiction cure rates are tricky figures and are to be mistrusted as one must mistrust an addict. When is someone cured? Experience in New York, and elsewhere where The Concept has been tried, seems to indicate at least three years must pass before an addict can be counted on to have established drug-free living patterns. That much time has not yet passed for ASA. However, the dropout rate in treatment has held steady at 17 to 20 per cent. Of the 72 candidates in the re-entry program, only two have split the scene so far, and there is no way of telling

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whether they went back to drugs. One must assume that the rehabilitation program is successful.

Prevention is even more difficult to measure. But ASA's prevention program has at least shown that a prevention network can reach large numbers of people in the city to create special programs for non-addicts. These bear promise of changing the underlying conditions in society which contribute to addiction and drug abuse. ASA demonstrated that therapeutic communities using vigorous existential encounter therapy can get rid of heroin addiction in individual addicts and turn them into social assets—people with strong positive character patterns. It has further shown, by employing ex-addicts in all the vital phases of its operations, that such people can become agents for change in a society which badly needs them—a fact which we already know about ex-alcoholics.

There is another problem which faces The Concept and all those who are attempting to deal with addiction as a *process* in the development of a human being, rather than as an *event* in his life. Many public health professionals and the public are being attracted to a simpler, single-factor solution to addiction. The single-factor treatment is the drug methadone. Its main exponents are Dr. Vincent P. Dole and his wife, Dr. Marie Nyswander. Methadone appears to be a highly effective narcotic alternative to heroin. It does not produce euphoria or motor impairment, but it blockades the effect of—and thus the craving for—heroin. Addicts maintained on daily doses of methadone get off the welfare roles and take jobs, usually within a year. Methadone is being touted as cheap, which further heightens its allure to anyone looking for easy answers.

Methadone is *not* cheap, of course—any permanent addiction is vastly expensive. The lowest figures I have seen on methadone maintenance are roughly $1,500 per year per patient. According to the very conservative figures on what addiction costs the City of New York directly, every street addict means $1,500 spent from city revenues. However, using present ASA cost/benefit figures, it only costs about $7,000 to cure an addict, with the further benefit that he emerges into a dysfunctional society as a positive force for change. A methadone addict, on the other hand, will cost $15,000 to maintain over 10 years, and double that if he lives for 20 years. Obviously ASA does not like methadone, but today most informed members of the staff are willing to grant that in a sizeable number of cases, perhaps 20 per cent, the medical problems of addicts are so severe that the high cost of lifetime maintenance on the drug is worth it.

Though enmity between ASA and Drs. Dole and Nyswander waxed hot over the methadone issue, ASA now seems more willing to keep the still hazy question of how to cure a drug addict open to investigation. With Larry Bear at the helm of ASA, everyone seems to be relaxing a little.

Tomorrow the World

ASA's methods—and those of like-minded attitude change programs elsewhere—signal a breath of hope for a world paralyzed by its inability to act meaningfully and fast to meet the crisis of change. The Concept offers one way of catching up before it's too late. The schools seem to have failed; many critics now believe that education never was designed to speed or soften the process of change anyway.

The Concept may suggest a new kind of education that could make our children less alienated as they grow

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up, while helping to change a society which seems to require alienation as its fixed overhead cost. Whether or not The Concept fits the need, we quite obviously need new educational approaches that will place reality squarely before both child and adult, sick and healthy, beggar and grandee. At ASA, heroin problems are the symbol for a much broader reality.

Who can doubt, when he looks at external reality, that we live in a lunatic human environment? In most civilized places you have trouble choking down a lungful of air; you have to get typhoid shots before you go boating lest you fall in the open sewer upon which you take your pleasure. The bread and circuses of national affairs keep us hypnotized, as they present us with farm subsidies, "community action," manned space spectaculars, and wars fought for the minds of men.

Our troubles lie in the man, not in the moon. The sooner we start change within the man—me, you—the sooner we can improve relations between men, and between man and his environment. If you recognize that the world's lunacy starts in inner space, you have only one human alternative, according to The Concept: do something about it. The message of ASA, which certainly has some meaning to its own survival in the jungles of New York, is that we are addicts together and there is no one to cure us but ourselves.

For whites, as clearly as for blacks, the issue is to become more human. You can begin to accept yourself when you find you can be free. It can give you a permanent high. ■

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Books:

THE AGONY OF THE AMERICAN LEFT

by Christopher Lasch

reviewed by Marcus Raskin

Christopher Lasch's *The Agony of the American Left* [Alfred A. Knopf, 224 pages, $4.95] is a useful book which attempts to deal with the intellectual and political failure of the Left in America. He begins by asking the question invariably asked by the old of the young, "What's your plan? What's your program?" His answer is in part the one Paul Goodman gives. The young hardly know what to do because the old have held the difficult task of social reconstruction in abeyance while the American intellectual class informed their students and children that "the ideological age was over." In practice this phrase did not mean an end of ideology. It merely meant that there could only be one official ideology, allowing no possibility or need of fundamental change.

This fashionable view of the 1950's was the framework for the New Frontier which allowed innovation only within the limits of tidying up the administrative pyramid. The country was to get moving in the same direction it was going. In the spring of 1961, the President was to give a speech at Yale on the new economy. I sent in my suggestions saying that the fundamental problems were moral and political, not technical or managerial. The speech read that our problems are managerial and technical, not political.

Since the second world war, it mattered not a whit who was running the great institutions; the perception of Ameri-

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ca as the great empire whose functions and assumptions were essentially correct went unchallenged. As Lasch says, "...each administration (whether conservative or liberal) whatever its predilections, whatever its ostensible peculiarities, ends by perpetuating the already bankrupt policies of its predecessors."

Lasch argues that it is a mistake to think of the question of the failure of this class of mandarins and liberals as merely a problem of the last generation. Failure of the Left is something that has its roots in the post-civil war period. The populist movement did not founder because it was too individualistic, bordering on anarchism, or too ignorant—as some of the professors of the prestige universities tell their students. It failed because it was sanguine about the idea that the United States could bring about profound changes without a fundamental restructuring of American society and a long period of education of the "victims of capitalism." It was not that they had too little faith in America. It was that they had too much. What about the socialists? While the populist feared centralized control by corporate power, the socialist seemed to favor a strong centralized government. Indeed, as it is said *ad nauseam*, the socialist conception of governing (their plans) was taken over by the conservatives of the New Deal to save the capitalist system.

Lasch analyzes the work of James Weinstein who pointed out in his book on American socialism how widespread socialism was in the United States. In 1912, there were 323 avowedly socialist publications with a circulation of over 2 million, Debs polled six per cent of the Presidential vote, and the socialists held 1,200 offices in 340 cities, including 79 mayors in 24 states. Weinstein and Lasch's view is that the Socialist Party was destroyed by the rise of a militant new left wing which insisted on immediate revolution and gave up on the long term goal of the socialists to build constituencies and to be responsive to those constituencies. There was, of course, another related reason which was external to the sorry bloodlettings which the Left enjoys almost as a way to ensure impotence. The thunder of the Left was stolen by the reformers in the two parties.

Teddy Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson undertook to rationalize the corporate system in ways reminiscent of the work of Count von Bismarck at the end of the 19th century. Just as von Bismarck adopted various socialist welfare ideas to save the Second Reich, so the American establishment used the rhetoric of the populists and the socialists at the beginning of the 20th

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century (*and* now) when it appeared that there was serious unrest in the body politic.

One analysis of politics is that there are really no problems, just competing interests and classes. This view would hold that if this is so we are able to give the appearance of dealing with certain problems without actually doing so. This is the status quo ruler's view. But the point is that the problems which were raised in Germany were *real* when they were raised by its Left. Not having answered them led to Nazism. The problems which are raised by the American Left about racism, nuclear disaster, authoritarian institutions, meaningless work, channeling colonies which pass for schools are not rhetorical. These are real issues that define the way of life of our people and, if they are not resolved, will surely dictate our collective death. Merely attempting to buy off those who raise these points and to separate them from their constituencies in order to silence their constituencies does not mean that anything has changed for the better.

Well, now what? First of all, it is true that we are at a place in American history which demands a new political party. This is not to say that there are not honorable men in the two major parties. It is only to say that the major purpose of the two political parties is to represent the hierarchic corporate-military relationships. They can do no other. They created this constituency and they are not about to dismantle it.*

Lasch also concludes for a party of the Left. He discusses the ideas of Michael Harrington and Arnold Kaufman, both of whom still believe that the Democratic Party will bring about major restructuring of the American body politic. I agree with Lasch that there is room for a new political party which attempts to represent rather than manipulate its constituency, starts action projects (health centers, mini-schools, etc.) and begins councils of reconstruction in the major institutions of

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*In my more sanguine moments, I think that this is still an open question. In March there was an important conference on Capitol Hill with Congressmen and Senators as well as members of the American intellectual class. The conference was good. I suggested that we have to dismantle the national security state. Who did this seem to rattle most of all? The new Republican Senator, the liberal Congressmen and Senators? No—Kenneth Galbraith—who proceeded to tell the press how this was not a shared position, although the conference itself came down with conclusions that would lead them in that direction.

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American life. 1968 should have taught us that there is little room for maneuver within the two parties. But, more important, there is no way that those parties can divorce themselves from their constituencies which at this stage are tied to death-oriented expenditures, high taxes, and education which does not threaten the status quo.

Where will the constituency come from to support such an effort? My judgment is that it will come from the student class, the black poor, the workers on the line who do not support a calcified labor bureaucracy at least a generation older than them—those who are interested in finding meaning in their work, but instead know either instinctively or empirically that their work is foolish, dangerous, or quite mad—and women who are attempting to gain independent political strength.

Lasch understands the importance of black power to a left party, although he sees two different strains in the black power movement. He notes that there are blacks who see America as a colonialist society, while there are those among the blacks who merely want space to do their own thing. In my view, Lasch mistakenly believes that these are contradictory positions. In practice, this formulation is only contradictory where the political space of the society is so narrow that it forces people to do nothing but confront. The problem of course is that the system is taken up with ideas which are not workable in terms of black power. The ways in which the urban coalitions, either of the Bundy, Johnson, or the common Gardner variety, attempt to absorb Negroes into the system—as official representatives of "their people," or as little capitalists replacing the Jewish mom and pop store (where John Garfield was upstairs playing the violin waiting for his Big Chance—Joan Crawford) with a Negro barber shop (where the son is upstairs studying Zacharias's PSSC physics to get into MIT and then into a corporate conglomerate)—may work for some but it is hardly the answer to what the rest of the 30 or more million non-whites do, or what the rest of us are going to do, about the economic and political system.

And, indeed, what about those who are successful at the American dream? Lasch sees Joseph Kennedy as the opportunity-opportunist who cannot break into the institutional corporate system and must build his own domain from the outside. But this success story is not typical of the 20th century. More typical is the story of Robert McNamara, who by coolness and mastery of technique, climbed the ladder of hierarchic

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power (the same path open to the Negro barber's son who studies hard).

This kind of success is the modern American tragedy. McNamara, for too long, accepted the "mission" of the institutions he worked for, whether it was more profits for Ford or higher body counts for the Department of Defense. Because he operated within the assumptions of the mission, he invariably turned out to be wrong, realizing his mistakes too late—which led to the bloated national security state system.

McNamara was an innovator, accepting the most mod foolishness that could be conjured by the RAND Corporation. First he fell for the idea of counterforce and first-strike capability over the Soviet Union, committing us to an endless arms race; then he committed us to a civil defense program, then to the war in Vietnam, then to the TFX, then to a budget which by the time he left the Pentagon was 75 per cent more than when he came. He attempted to buy civilian control over the military by increasing the size of each of the departments of the military.

Invariably McNamara rejected or modified his position after the basic institutional decisions were made that set the wrong direction. The result of his reign and that of others in national security bureaucracy is that the problem of the national security state is very great indeed in American life. With its power base assured by its subsidies to the defense-oriented corporation, it operates by its own rules without recourse to the public, hiding behind technical expertise, classification, and secrecy.

A powerful reaction is setting in. One reason is the failure of the military to win in Vietnam. Another is that the commercial business classes and certain constitutionally-oriented members of the Congress believe that they are losing power to a state bureaucracy, technocrats, the police, and the management of the defense corporations that have mastered their relationship to the federal government. Another reason that this group is now concerned is the very failure of men like McNamara who found that they could no longer ride the tiger of the national security system without becoming its prisoner.

As a tactical and human matter, men like Shoup and Symington, and businessmen as well as scientists, should be encouraged in their attempts at slowing the pace of the national security apparatus. The success of such groups is necessary if we are to go further with the new politics. They are curtain-raisers for their children who are attempting to capture the

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center stage with a politics of reconstruction that is reflected in populism, Jeffersonianism, and radical pragmatism. Their children are attempting to develop projects which will lead to participatory democracy and the tough political and intellectual work which will result in the dismantling of the national security state, the transformation of the economic system, and the guaranteeing of justice and equality to the citizenry, all within the context of cutting the Gordian knot of American imperialism.

There may be many people who are nominally Democrats and Republicans who would favor such a transformation. However, the two parties are not predicated on the idea of day-to-day active participation in decision-making in the major institutions of the society. The nature of the electoral process today is basically plebiscite. This does not fit the new, *active*, educated middle class of doctors, teachers, bureaucrats, and workers who are no longer able to live in the characterized role put up for them in the pyramidal system. This sense of wanting to participate and be active will mean that a new political party will undertake to sponsor councils in major public institutions such as hospitals, corporations, and schools. Such political groups would be councils of reconstruction. They would undertake to formulate how those institutions should be democratized, how they should be changed and governed. A question may arise as to whether this is objectively necessary. Take New York as an example.

Can anyone really believe that the situation in New York in the schools, the hospitals, and the welfare system is stable and governable without attempting to build governing councils of each institution comprised of the workers, staff, and communities affected? So that is what most likely will have to go on in order for them to survive. Within each institution of the society over the next generation a new social contract will be drawn with legitimated authority resting with the people, not with the hopeless mandarins in their roles as guardians or with the unmanageable Caligulas who commit us to war, nuclear destruction, and administrative foolishness. We can then begin to define the new politics. It is to dismantle institutions which have lost their legitimacy in the eyes of those most immediately affected by them. The reason that this goal is so important is that when institutions lose legitimacy, their political and psychological and economic hold over people ends. Redrawing the social contract, redefining legitimacy, and sharing of authority becomes the central purpose and situation of the new politics.■

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LETTERS

The political reporters who cover Presidential politics are the cream of Washington's crop. The fact that even they have a "credibility gap," in spite of their experience and sense of ethics, is in itself significant. In that connection, I note David Broder's reference (*The Washington Monthly*, February 1969) to Hubert Humphrey's walking arm in arm with Lester Maddox and saying nothing about the latter's racial views. The fact of the matter is that Title VI was a subject of the Vice President's meeting with the Governor, with Humphrey urging that Georgia comply with antidiscrimination laws of the federal government.

Broder is correct in recognizing that the press faces a credibility problem with the people it covers and the public it serves. But its influence remains great. For what else is there? It is like the gambler who shot craps with dice loaded against him because it was the only game in town.

The press is perhaps the second most powerful institution in the country next to the Presidency. Its power is particularly awesome because it is relatively unrestrained, given the constitutional protection and the lessening of competition. Ben Bagdikian once explained that "no one likes to make enemies with the town crier."

No matter how well intentioned the custodians of relatively unbridled power may be, the problem for democracy created by that power remains a serious one. It would be encouraging if effective and realistic answers to the problems came from within the profession itself.

Why not a code of ethics and a formula for professionalism which will include a concern for the problem of bias?

Why not a provision which will permit public figures to sue for declaratory judgments when they believe they are defamed, even if no money damages flow as a legal consequence?

Why not an independent arbitration panel sponsored by the newspaper business itself to consider complaints arising out of alleged unfair press treatment, with a possible monetary indemnity fund?

Why doesn't another newspaper follow the lead of the Louisville Courier-*Journal* and appoint an ombudsman "armed with authority to get something done about valid complaints?" Mr. Broder's distinguished newspaper might well follow the example.

MAX M. KAMPELMAN
Mr. Kampelman is a Washington lawyer.

As I read the magazine, I found myself returned from the classroom and academia to the realities that I knew in Washington. But this immediately raises a question. The question as to whether those realities are the real ones. Admittedly what is described in *The Washington Monthly* is the way things really happened. They raise tremendously important questions as to whether indeed it is the way things should happen. I found that my students' reaction to it was to reject it, be angry at it. I hope that it's clear why this is depressing to students. The falsity of statistics described in Ross's article, Boyd's perceptions of the way a Senator really works; the various kinds of special assistants that Russell Baker described so well; and all the other articles are cynical, and make you really wonder is it worth it all.

Hopefully then, I would see it as tremendously important to not only have descriptions of Washington's happenings, but to find ways of confronting the particular pattern of ways of doing things so that new values can be expressed, and, indeed, more rationality and human values be built into the decision-making apparatus.

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THE CULTURE OF BUREAUCRACY: The Missing Ambassador

by James C. Thomson, Jr.

Three years ago Dean Rusk is said to have complained to a staff aide that "some young men around here think we're going to change our China policy. I can tell you," he added with a flash of anger, "they're dead wrong."

As it turned out, Secretary Rusk was proved right at the time. What is more, his words may well hold true for the future, despite his retirement.

The reason is not, as many would expect, the bureaucratic monolith. Quite the opposite. The reason—or at least one reason—is the large variety of views within the federal establishment as to what China is.

Consider this list, by no means complete, of some of the casts of mind one finds among the policy-makers and analysts in the various echelons of bureaucracy:

1. **The dead-telephone approach:** China viewed as a switchboard that simply won't take our calls. "The difficulty," as Mr. Rusk put it on April 11, 1966, "is that the other side keeps hanging up the phone." To be sure, we *do* talk to them at Warsaw, and they *do* talk back. But what they *say* is so outlandish as to be undeserving of the ear. (The dead-telephone approach is often a cover for the deaf-ear approach.)

2. **The exotica approach:** China viewed as Tierra del Fuego. "Tell me," one used to be asked, "about the newest bizarre development in that Cultural Revolution of theirs." "Incredible! They really closed down their whole educational system?" The questions are not foolish, but the tone becomes troubling: amused and benign disbelief bordering contempt. ("What will they think of next!") Here China is viewed as quaintness re-visited, recalling those questions of yesteryear about pigtails, birdsnests and puppydogs. More ominously, the China-watchers themselves become tagged with quaintness—as purveyors

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of exotica, collectors of curios, not serious policy men. In the process, China again fails to surface as a serious policy problem.

3. **The behemoth approach:** China viewed as a Frankenstein monster, a bad and dangerous thing, not at all quaint. This approach stresses China's vastness, belligerence, irrationality, and—most emphatically—its nuclear capability. Mr. Rusk's nightmare of "a billion Chinese on the mainland, armed with nuclear weapons" is widely unsettling (tapping, one assumes, our collective unconscious about the Golden Horde, if not the Yellow Peril). A first response among behemoth-type planners is to "take out their nukes"—a thought one heard sometimes in the Pentagon during the mid-60's. Fortunately, wiser heads have prevailed, and the behemothers appear to be out of fashion—though a China-oriented ABM might yet give them a new grip on the defense budget.

4. **The trees-but-never-the-forest approach:** China viewed as raw data. This is the affliction of specialists long resigned to detachment from the policy process. Their talents are increasingly focused on the mastery of occult knowledge, to be exchanged within the fraternity of China-watchers—questions, say, of the development of Red Guard factions within factions in the suburbs of Canton between January and February 1967—or questions of fertilizer production in Southeast Szechuan. The questions are not unimportant; but they tend to narrow and even deaden minds that deserve wider scope. (One is reminded of Ambassador Galbraith's famous comment, at one stage in the Laos negotiations, that the State Department's secret weapon in the struggle against communism is apparently the microscope.)

5. **The friendly beast approach:** China viewed as a large shaggy dog. If you pat it and feed it and let it run around the house, things will surely get better. Such humane optimists were seen around the government in the early 1960's when China seemed to face a severe food crisis; some thought, at the time, that Maoism might be tranquilized by massive offerings of wheat. Flickerings of the same approach are said to have characterized, surprisingly, President Johnson's view of the Chinese as decent people in need of shoes, schools, roads, and hospitals—a cast of mind perhaps more accurately described as "the indigent Mexican approach."

6. **The psychiatric approach:** China viewed as psychotic—or at least as a very disorderly neurotic. "China has gone mad"—one heard the words quite frequently (hardly surprising when even such a veteran observer as Theodore White regrettably entitled his great documentary film "China: The Roots of Madness"). The diagnosis of insanity produces at least two prescriptions for treatment: try forms of therapy, say the dovish psychiatrists; no, tighten the straitjacket of containment, say their hawkish opponents.

7. **The terra incognita approach:** China viewed as a blank space on the map. Most characteristic of Assistant Secretaries of State, this approach conceives of Asia as the chain of nations on China's periphery—the Great Arc of Free Asia. It lauds their stability and commitment to the Free World; it stresses their growth rates and political development; it boasts their progress toward regionalism. Those who would interrupt the confident official rhetoric by posing questions about China are dismissed as "Sino-centric"—a term of bureaucratic opprobrium. (Sino-centrists should go away and teach at small colleges.)

8. **The wait-for-China-to-shape-up approach:** China viewed as a juvenile delinquent. The Chinese have been bad, we are told, but sooner or later they will

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repent. To Mr. Rusk, they must change their "behavior"; and now, to Mr. Nixon, they must change their "attitude." Those who wait for China to shape up seldom ponder some puzzling questions: why the Chinese behave the way they do, why they hold such attitudes—and whether there might just be something we might do to help change both behavior and attitudes.

9. **The now-is-not-the-time approach:** China viewed as a problem to do something about, but not now. Now is not the time because Mao Tse-tung is alive, or because he is dead, or because we don't know whether he is alive or dead; now is not the time because Chou En-lai is up, or Lin Piao is down, or Mrs. Mao is sick, etc. Prior to 1966, now was not the time to change our stance on China's admission to the United Nations because China was fierce and confident and strong. In 1966 and since then, now was not the time to change our stance because China was preoccupied and convulsed and weak. (Now is, of course, never the time.)

10. **The don't-rock-the-boat approach:** China viewed as the creator of waves. The view here is that you don't shift China policy because it will rock the boat. What boat? Actually, several. The oldest though smallest boat is Taiwan (Taiwan's helmsmen tell us that if we move on China policy, they will, in effect, hold their breaths until they are blue in the face; and the threat usually works). A more recent boat is Russia—or more specifically, the Soviet-American détente. If we move on China, say our gifted Soviet specialists, it will alarm the Russians. Other potential boats are the Thais, the Indians, and even the Japanese. (The anti-boat-rockers assume that we have no skill at persuasion, reassurance, maneuver, and preventive diplomacy; and they may well be right.)

All of these views co-exist in a kind of negative equilibrium. Over the years each has become drearily familiar in Foggy Bottom. When China is discussed, everyone knows what everyone else will say. And everyone knows that each discussion will adjourn without agreement.

Why so? Because a fundamental rule of bureaucracy is that no action flows when no action is required. The missing element in our intramural discussions is that time-honored State Department prod, the incoming cablegram from our embassy overseas. An incoming cable usually requires a reply. And it is in the drafting and clearing of replies that policy is made.

But on China these days—and over the past two decades—where are the incoming cables? From Embassy Taipei, where our man, afflicted with the inevitable case of localitis, argues staunchly for the interests of his clients. From Embassy Warsaw, where our man requests instructions as to how to keep his footing in those spasmodic forensic contests with his Chinese counterpart. And from Consulate General Hong Kong, where our skilled physicians squat outside the patient's door, peering through the keyhole.

But from Embassy Peking? Alas, no. Why alas? Because in the absence of a steady stream of messages from that vital center of the China problem—from our ambassador speaking as a lawyer for *those* clients—Washington need not reply, hence it need not act, hence policy need not move.

It is useful to recall that even in the darkest days of our relations with Stalin's Russia, our man in Moscow kept us on our toes—not merely by reporting, but by urging, protesting, provoking, pleading. Those incoming cablegrams forced the bureaucrats to think, to fight, and sometimes even to innovate, on the subject of Soviet-American relations.

Not so with China—in the past, in the present, or, one glumly concludes, in the foreseeable future. ■

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